

A M E R I C A N MERCURY

OCTOBER 1956

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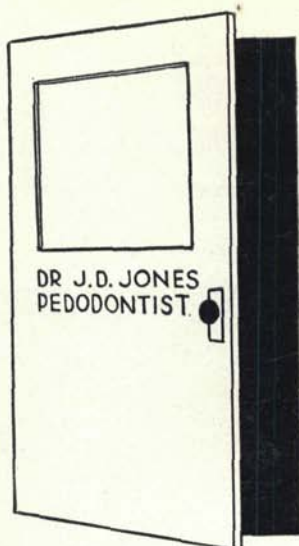


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DANGER SIGNALS IN THE CARIBBEAN
THE NEW RELIGION IN OUR SCHOOLS**

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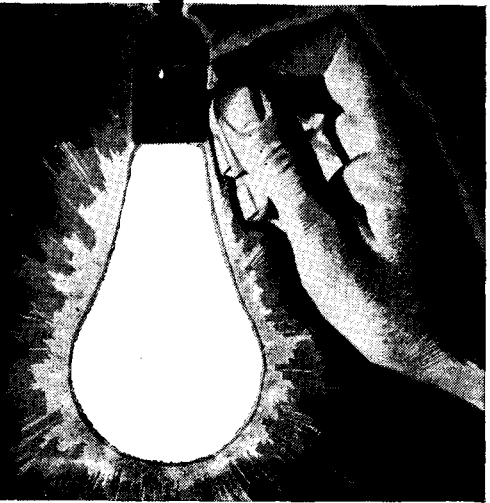
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4. Get active in politics.
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6. Start at the bottom with your local issues and candidates.
7. Decide for yourself.
8. Mark up a sample ballot in advance.
9. Allow time to vote. Make a date with yourself and keep it.

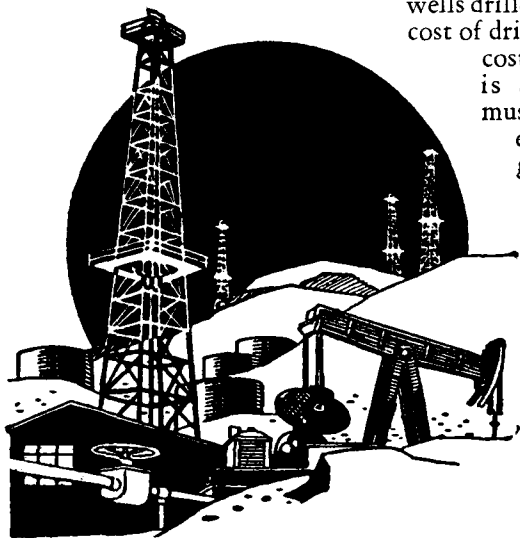
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OCTOBER 1956

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A M E R I C A N
MERCURY

OCTOBER 1956



PSEUDO PSYCHOS

by

John Barton

I TOOK a so-called Psychological Aptitude Test the other day, and promptly took a hot bath afterward. But no amount of scrubbing could make me feel clean again. It had been too grimy an experience, too gross an indignity.

Perhaps you are familiar with these "personality" tests? Millions are, already; and if the perpetrators of this peculiarly American concept of brain-washing have their way, you can be sure that ultimately every citizen will undergo it. Perhaps even candidates for the highest political office will be required to take them, with the soul-

baring results published in juicy detail for the delectation of the voters. That would be only fair, of course—for the voters employ the winners, don't they? And these tests are designed to "determine" for an employer just how employable an applicant is for a job.

That's what it says. But what, actually, do these tests prove? To me—and my reaction is widely shared—they prove, first, that many of our supposedly astute and hard-headed business and professional leaders are naively ripe for any new gimmick that dubiously flaunts the cachet of "psychology."

They prove, too, that the defenseless individual's last, vestigial remnants of a right to privacy are now being sapped systematically by a new Big Brother weapon of commercial Peeping Tomism, which had already sabred its way into our homes and hearts with such privacy annihilators as electronic wire tappers and the shamelessly ubiquitous news camera. And finally they prove that, in assaying the personality of any prospective employee eviscerated by these tests, the premium of "desirability" is, perforce, bestowed on doltish unimaginativeness, slavish conformity and oh-so-safe mediocrity.

Today, the business of peddling these tests to susceptible management has mushroomed into a kind of bush league uranium rush. As a result, the country is acrawl with professional crystal gazers glad to take any employer's money to compile and "grade" such tests. And each, with a sneer for his competitors, insists that *his* is the sharpest skinning knife for peeling back the psyche of the skewered victim, layer by layer, to "prove" just how unqualified the poor human guinea pig is to shuffle papers or pound a typewriter in your office. Or to sell your goods or manage your business. Or to be promoted to vice-president or elevated to a new directorship. Yes, raw neophyte or seasoned top executive being considered for that new job—it makes no difference. If the

tests don't slot your personality as suitable—it's sudden death for you professionally at the hypnotized hands of the gullible employer.

Some weeks before I unsuspectingly laid me down on this assembly-line couch, a friend and colleague of mine confided in me that he had just had a tentative offer to go with a competitive firm at an eye-bulging increase in salary. Shrewd, knowledgeable, experienced and highly respected for his professional acumen, he seemed an admirable man for the job. I congratulated him on the prospect. But a few days later he turned the offer down cold. Why? Because it developed that the firm insisted that every prospective employee—no matter what his rank—take a Psychological Aptitude Test first. And he wasn't having any.

I, being an innocent at the time, was perplexed. This man knew his way around. Why should he fight shy of some new type of intelligence test or whatever the Thing, when by sailing through he could accelerate both career and income so appreciably?

Today I know why. And I line up solidly with him—and with many others, I've since discovered—against the presumptuous obscenity of it all. This is my story:

A VICE-PRESIDENT of a competitive firm made overtures to me on changing positions. He dangled the customary salary and caste incen-

tives before me, and though I felt reasonably content and secure in my present position, still I was interested. And an interview seemed to bear out what I am sure he had taken pains to discover for himself beforehand: that I demonstrably possessed the professional standing and background he was looking for. This, and the "personality" impression I made in face-to-face interviews with The Brass, had always been the criteria for job offers in the past. And this time, too, the way was paved speedily to what had all the earmarks of a tempting offer. But then I was informed, almost ingratiatingly, that it was customary to take a Psychological Aptitude Test—in fact, it was mandatory.

I know *now* what I should have done. Instead I took the test. It was really a day-long barrage of tests, lasting nearly eight hours. (Checking for stamina, for persistence among other things—many other things.) The ordeal began innocuously enough: biographical data, employment record, marital status, condition of health. Some of these questions can get pretty nosy, and I understand now that even these data are grist for the mills of the omniscient personality flaw-spotters. Still, an employer is entitled to know if your past will stand inspection.

Then came a series of tests to determine my Intelligence Quotient; my fluency with words; my

background of general knowledge; my reasoning prowess. Some of these latter multiple-choice questions struck me as ludicrous in their strait-jacketed generalizations.

Then, insidiously, the grubby soul-searching began. Do I sleep nights—have chronic nightmares or shameful dreams? How's my sex life? Do I really *like* people? Ever think of suicide? Feel that people dislike me? Rather read in my spare time than go out with the gang? Like to eat alone? What about my drinking habits? Am I shy? Do people hurt my feelings easily? How do I take criticism? Do I resent having to take orders?

Getting pretty personal, I thought, but manfully played along, wondering all the while if anyone ever answered such probings scrupulously.

Now the miasmic waters got deeper with a word-association gambit whose motives wouldn't fool any alert college freshman. Which of these four words, for example, did I most closely associate with *immoral*: Vulgar, Person, Vile, Criminal? And with *filthy*: Dirty, Disgusting, Mind, Body? With *nude*: Naked, Unclothed, Immodest, Shameless? And more—much more—of the same.

As I began this marathon strip tease of my psyche, I was given an occasional respite by subtle little prickings to lay bare my outlook on matters of social and

political controversy. It's fashionable nowadays, of course, to label one either of the Right or the Left persuasion arbitrarily. So naturally these seers could hardly bypass such a "suitability" determinant. Brash little probings were inflicted to determine my feelings toward labor unions, propaganda in politics, social security, the retirement age, government in business and the like.

Palpably designed to keep me off balance, the tests wrenched back now to more psychic vivisection. How do I react when I see others in pain? Do I ever think I'm going insane? Feel as though I simply cannot make it to the office in the mornings? Can I concentrate amid a lot of noise and distractions? Do I hate to leave a job unfinished?

Still more: Do I sometimes hate my family? Do I like mannish women? Do I believe in punishment in the after-life? What are my feelings toward my mother?

Had enough? Sorry, we haven't even begun. Came now artful tests of my creative skill. A folder was placed before me on which there was a small wash drawing, deliberately blurred, of what appeared to be two men on either side of a conference table in what appeared to be an office. One man was half-rising from his chair and *presumably* making hostile gestures toward the other, who sat stolidly. I was instructed to write a brief synopsis of an imagined story us-

ing the scene as the basis of my plot. (Time: 10 minutes.)

To a man whose business is writing, this posed no head-scratching challenge. But here, too, the motives of my anonymous "analysts" were transparent—or was it just my nasty old persecution complex showing again? The situation appeared to be that of one man accusing, or defying, another. Though presumably I was not supposed to realize it, my dramatization of the conflict would be interpreted as a dead giveaway of conflicts foremost in my own mind.

One of the glibbest of generalizations, which "psychology" has done its share to nurture to the point of extravagant absurdity, is that every man betrays his inner self in his writings. So maybe I should play it safe. Let's dream up the homeliest of situations. Let's make the protesting man a father complaining to the school principal about his son's grades. No, that leaves me wide open to a diagnosis of hidden anxiety or over-perfectionism. And if a hasty shuffle back to biographical data reveals that I am childless—then I stand forth naked in pitiable frustration because I am denied fatherhood.

So there you are. The cards are stacked, and you simply can't win. They will profess—a better word is *presume*—to read some kind of trauma in whatever you write. But if you indignantly leave

the space blank, having had all of this specious farce that you can stomach, then they will have a field day. You're socially uncooperative. You buckle under pressure. More charitably, you're just impossibly stupid. In any event and come what may—you're maladjusted! Dare to be different and venture-some, or even sedulously honest and realistic—and They've got your number. And They will gleefully pin back your neurotic ears!

Like good showmen, the omniscients saved the truly *ad nauseam* part for the climax. Fifty familiar but uncompleted declarative statements were hurled at me. Taking them one by one, I was to complete each, jotting down the *first* thought that each stimulus provoked. Here are some typical examples: I hate . . . ; A husband . . . ; A wife . . . ; My mother . . . ; My health . . . ; It seems to me . . . ; I dream . . . ; I envy . . . ; I fear . . . ; I detest . . . ; I wonder . . . ; I question . . . ; I desire . . . ; I am afraid . . . ; I resent. . . .

Why go on? I am sure you understand. Shamelessly strip your soul, then turn your plundered psyche inside out. And at last, shredded of all human dignity, denuded of integrity, divested of the last fluttering rag of self-respect and the preservation of your sacred inner *you*—why, grin and shrug it off. It's all in the day's work.

By that time, I had passed

through successive stages of boredom to cynical contempt to amazed incredulity to morbid fascination. Now I found myself literally sick with disgust and consumed by a savagely rebellious hostility toward an indecency that seemingly knows no restraint whatever.

MAYBE the Olympians will say they meant to goad me like that, and that my resentment reveals grave personality disorders (as does the writing of this article, no doubt!). Well, I couldn't care less. From here on out, I grimly made known, as stingingly as I could, just how I felt about the intolerably presumptuousness of it all. I told them just what the first thoughts were that *did* come to mind when I filled out "I resent . . ." and "I detest . . ." and so on—and they concerned Psychological Aptitude Tests.

And I further elaborated on the subject when I was confronted with the final atrocity. This was that so-cunning bit of psychology byplay in which the respondent sketches, free hand, his conception of a picture of a man, and then of a woman. Then the hapless devil fills out a biographical sketch of each lunatic drawing.

Fortunately the VP's who had seemed so eager to hire me were not present when I at last handed over the final chapter of the travesty to the indifferent clerk who

had administered it. Outraged as I was, any vocal comment would have been, I am sure, rashly in-temperate. Anyway, they would learn soon enough how I felt about it, for the test papers, after being portentously “graded” at what the consultants esoterically term their “laboratories,” would be returned to the employer who was footing the bill. And he, alas, would learn that I bear that most damning of all mid-20th century stigmas—I am a “controversialist.” The tests proved it.

It is heartening to have learned since that my disquiet is shared by others who also see in this brazen new social and economic strait-jacket a potential for bottomless mischief. Like me, they see it as a monstrous invasion of privacy. Like me, they see it as a monolithic stultification of individuality. And like me, they insist on knowing the answers to some pretty cogent questions.

ARE the masterminds of this new occult science licensed to practice their version of psychoanalysis, or psychiatry, on such a free-wheeling, collective basis as this? Are they bona fide members of the American Medical Association, as is the individual practicing psychiatrist? Does the medical profession establish rigid criteria for these mass “analyses,” criteria to which these consultants scrupulously adhere? Has any responsible

body of social scientists endorsed these tests as being provably precise and mathematically valid as their practitioners rather nebulously allege?

Do the various consultants agree among themselves on the exact statistical methodology of determining an unknown “patient’s” emotional stability and temperamental fitness for coping with a certain job?

Do their findings make a distinction between types of jobs, where an emotional imbalance for one might be considered an asset for another—an engineer versus a writer, for example; a salesman versus an artist? What standards do they set for determining—with neat, Euclidean precision—a writer or artist applicant’s degree of creative skill? Is there a cross-index of tabulated results attesting to the successful careers of those green-lighted into their present positions by the accolade of these tests? Correspondingly, are its failures in business tabulated? Have the consultants themselves taken their own tests, objectively, and how did they score?

Once again it would seem that the very force of individuality, personality, curiosity, intellect that drive men—and through them, business—to dynamic success, have become automatically suspect. What social malaise prompts this seeming distrust of the different, the distinctive, the unusual?

By this slide-rule acceptance or rejection of the individual as a good risk, how many acutely-needed incipient leaders, promising scientific careers, sinewy literary, artistic, engineering or promotional talents are screened *out* of business because certain prospective employees “test” as dreamers, or too inquisitive, or non-gregarious, or over-zealous, or simply as odd balls? How many and how profound are the traumatic tragedies shock-induced by this robot-like rejection of the tests’ non-robot victims who give honest answers—and thus are “exposed as misfits”?

The pressure to conform has become all but irresistible in many businesses today, where the ambitious young executive must walk an invisible yet all but inflexible line in his personal as well as his professional life. His wife, home, car, clubs, dress, friends and even where he spends his vacations and the schools he selects for his children must pass beady-eyed inspection. The race may still be to the swift, yes—but only if the swift conform. No matter how promising a man’s administrative bent or how exceptional his talents, he must smother any tug of individuality, of the offbeat within himself—or see the race go to the less swift but the more opportunistic. And if, occasionally, an eccentric did insinuate himself on to the “team” before, now the Test is designed to stop his breed cold.

Ignorance of what they’re letting themselves in for, rather than outright submissiveness, may excuse the seeming spinelessness of many who allow themselves to be prodded into these tests. But the tragedy—one of the tragedies—is that even after they find themselves psychically disemboweled, so few seem to care. Our capacity for resenting such infringements on our dignity, such contemptuously inflicted indecencies, seems to be atrophying to the vanishing point. Exhibitionism has come to be taken for granted. We have become so conditioned that sudden resistance hardly seems worth the bother.

Perhaps, like me, you shuddered too over the mindless herd-State as savagely conceived by David Karp in *One*, and by George Orwell in *1984*. And you thanked God that it hasn’t happened here. Yet each new vehicle for regimentation—such as these aptitude tests and the club they impersonally wield for conformity or ruin—nudges society, unresisting, unquestioning, a little nearer such soulless abysses. Doesn’t any dispassionate analysis indicate the existence here of a shadow hierarchy with fearsome power over the individual’s career and reputation, happiness and self-respect?

The individual practice of psychiatry and psychoanalysis—between physician and patient in private offices, clinics, hospitals, social

welfare agencies and the like—is one thing. But this collectivistic practice of some twilight “science” boldly proclaimed as the same is something else again. It is practiced anonymously on millions at a time—using presumably the same yardstick for all respondents—with a validity and a sense of responsibility which are dubious in the extreme.

PERHAPS some of these consultants are truly dedicated—perhaps. Nevertheless, I furiously resent strangers who do not know me and have never even seen me muddily prying into my “psyche” and compelling me to go through a sort of squalid soul-strip to see whether I—considered a successful and able man in my profession—would “fit” into an organization which is paying these experts for their ludicrous and shabby little farce. Here is quasi-psychoanalysis

whose victims can be “analyzed,” then put through a degrading question-and-answer proceeding that pokes and pries and attempts to lay bare his most intimate emotions and inviolate sensibilities—all to determine, we are condescendingly informed, whether he will make a good investment, and prove to be a properly docile “company man” or not.

Not all management, of course, has come under the spell of these latter-day Merlins. But there’s a trend—an alarming one. And it can only be short-circuited by a counter-trend: one of inflexible opposition to such desecrations of the individual’s right to *himself*.

What is needed are articulate and angry voices to decry the insult, and corrosive laughter at the sham of it all. That’s an All-American combination that the anti-individualists of history have always found hard to lick.

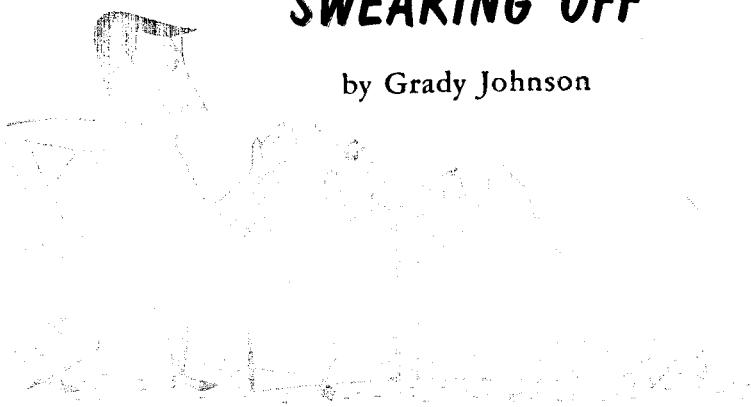
POOR PARROT

The matron entered the pet shop breathing fire and flame. “I want to speak to the manager,” she demanded. When he came to the front of the store she waved under his nose the cage she was carrying. “You’re a swindler!” she cried. “You’re worse than a highway robber. You should be ashamed to cheat a customer this way. This parrot I bought here last week is a fraud. You sold it under false pretenses. You said it was a fluent talker. I paid you a good price for him, and he hasn’t said a single syllable since I took him home. Not one word, do you understand? Not one single word!”

“Perhaps,” said the manager as she paused for breath, “you didn’t give him a chance.”

SWEARING OFF

by Grady Johnson



ONE DAY when I was ten years old, an elderly neighbor appeared suddenly in back of the woodshed where I was smoking cornsilks rolled in newspaper. He whispered something which has almost driven me out of my mind for 30 years.

"Have you ever thought of quitting?" he hissed, eyes sinister.

• I told him it had never occurred to me. "I'm just learning to roll them," I said.

"With will power you can do it!" he said, his voice rising tremulously. He beat his chest and deeply inhaled the fall air. "Look at me! Haven't smoked in a week."

• I looked as directed and saw a great change in him. His teeth were clenched, his fingers twitched and his breath came in gasps. As he watched the smoke curl upward from my cigarette his eyes rolled and his mouth sagged, drooling.

Suddenly he turned and walked away quickly—to beat his wife. I know, because I read the divorce complaint.

• I relate this to show you how innocently one can acquire the habit of quitting.

At first, I quit to show off. Beating my chest, I imitated the man's wild-eyed look as I announced to playmates that I had sworn off. "Will power," I said, smugly.

• Quitting set me apart from the other boys, made me feel important. Although I missed the corn-roasting fragrance of the burning silks, the camaraderie and the ritual of smoking which gave a red-blooded boy something to do with his hands, I enjoyed far more the awed looks I got.

• Friends began to drift away. When the big boys chose sides for baseball, I was the last one picked. When they went by my house on

the way to the woods to smoke rabbit tobacco, nobody whistled for me.

♫ I took to flaunting my deviation by following big boys downtown on butt hunts and laughing when they tried to cure me by blowing smoke in my face.

♫ Then one day, at the depth of my depravity, I realized that my conduct was unwholesome indulgence. How I longed to be like other boys!

♫ Fortunately, at that very moment I noticed a rattan reed protruding from a broken rocking chair on the front porch. Knowing that these reeds made excellent cigars, I summoned the dregs of my courage and impulsively broke one off and lit it. Inhaling its smoke made me dizzy, but this was to be expected, as I was breaking a deep-rooted habit.

♫ Not meaning to justify myself, it would have been easier to quit quitting if cigarettes had been easier to come by. In those backward days, a boy had to find an older boy to buy them—since there were no vending machines—and mothers inconsiderately carried none in their purses.

♫ **T**HIS WOULD be a happier story but for a second misstep. It happened during the strain of personal crisis. I had struck out in a game of rotation and, being hooted for it, sought to change the subject. Remembering the conversational advantages of my old habit during its

early stages, I folded my arms and said in quiet superior tones, "I have quit smoking." This had the desired effect at the moment; in fact, it nearly broke up the ball game as the kids gathered around to hear of my freakishness, but it did irreparable damage to my character.

♫ Habit, twice indulged, became harder to break. Happily, I found myself in time to enjoy the medicated herb cigarettes then becoming popular in my set. But quitting had gained such a grip on me that I fell into the habit again and again over the years.

♫ For more than three decades each New Year's Eve was a horror for me. Even before Christmas, the mere thought of what was going to happen on December 31 would numb me. I knew that at the stroke of midnight, while others were kissing and singing of Auld Lang Syne, my old trouble would return. Unable to control the craving to stop smoking, I would crush out my cigarette with a flourish, step back from it and proclaim, "I quit."

♫ Thus would begin days, weeks and sometimes months of anguish. My wife would avoid me. My children would cringe in horror from the beast in me. In the throes of evil resolve, I found myself a burning fuse of anger ready to blow up in innocent people's faces. My breath came in gasps. I was giddy. I ate fast and too much. Food and drink tasted too sharp, too strong. Nothing pleased me. I couldn't con-

centrate. The cough which I had used for years to announce I was going to speak failed me, its familiar rattle gone. I even chewed mints and gum and carried a small white wooden stick in my mouth to remind me of the pleasure I was forsaking.

MEANTIME, my honest subconscious mind told me "in dreams of long, satisfying smokes" how wrong I was. I would awaken in a cold sweat, to walk the floor alone, without the friendly red glow of a cigarette in the dark.

The worst part of my vice was in trying to turn it into a virtue. When friends tried to help me by offering me a cigarette, I would brazenly boast of my delinquency. "Thank you, I quit using them three months, four days and seven hours ago," I would say, trying to make them feel inferior.

Sometimes, exercising a modicum of control, I would only partially quit. I would deprive myself of an arbitrary number of cigarettes a day or I would smoke only filtered cigarettes in order to reduce the pleasure without eliminating the act.

But I was fooling myself. These half-steps inevitably led to worse things and before I knew it I would quit again.

Bravely I resolved to end this once and for all. When my mind was made up—really made up—it was easy.

I received help from many sources. These I pass on in the hope that you, too, will benefit:

In the middle of a quit, associate with heavy smokers. Their smoke will make you weak in the knees, light-headed and irritable, and show you the error of your ways.

Avoid colds. Since your cigarette will not taste good during one, you may forget their pleasantness when well.

If you feel you are losing the desire to smoke, look for crises and emergencies to help you remember. Almost anything will do—a flat tire, a slight from the boss, income tax time, a broken window, a sick child, a domestic quarrel or missing your bus.

Tell as many people as will listen that you've quit. This helps remind you that you are a fool, and in no time you'll be cured.

Taper off. Tell yourself that you can take one cigarette tonight and be able to enjoy a whole package tomorrow. Better still, use the "clock method"—one cigarette every hour until you've worked up to one every 15 minutes.

Carry an unopened package of cigarettes in your pocket. Show it to people. The time will come, when you're alone, that you will develop the courage to open it.

Never turn down a drink. Alcohol and tobacco, having opposite effects on tired hearts, cry for one another. This is good because you can say your hangover actually is

from the whiskey, not from the many cigarettes you enjoyed.

Read the vast literature dedicated to the blessings of tobacco and remember that these are the writings of famous classical authors.

When you throw away a package of cigarettes, vowing never to smoke again, be careful to toss them where they will not be rained on.

Ignore the feeling of well-being that comes immediately upon quitting. You're in a state of numb shock and no judge of how you feel. In a few days you'll feel your

old lousy self, ready to smoke again.

➤ Eat rich foods as a substitute for smoking. If gaining 30 to 50 pounds doesn't stop your heart, the necessity of buying a new wardrobe will drive you back to normalcy.

➤ Use the preparations which cravenly boast they can help you quit. Most are so disagreeable that smoking will become a new pleasure.

➤ Consult a doctor. Seeing him smoke will make you feel better.

If you observe these hints, you probably will be able to swear off swearing off as I did.

☛

LONDON CALLING

A Canadian who lived on the shores of the St. Lawrence visited relatives in London. They took him out the first day hoping to impress him with a view of the Thames. He looked at it but made no remark. Disappointed, his cousin said: "And where would you like to go now?"

The visitor glanced at the famous river once more. "Let's take a stroll along the brook," he suggested.

An American visiting London had a business appointment with a man whose office was on the top floor of a building. He rang for the "lift" and waited some minutes while it lumbered down from floor to floor. When at long last it reached the main floor the energetic American was thoroughly out of temper. As he entered he said to the operator, "I think I could improve your service."

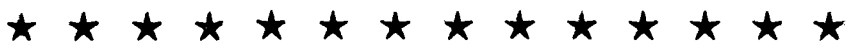
"How?"

"Well," said the visitor with heavy sarcasm, "I'd stop the elevator entirely and move the building up and down."

The operator looked at him blandly.

"How?" he asked.

☛



DO-NOTHING CONGRESS

by

Harry Kursh

NOT long ago, Texas' Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, the majority leader of the Democratically-controlled 84th Congress, winced when he looked at some of the Washington "dope" stories. They were pinning a "do-nothing" Congress label on the 84th session. That wouldn't do for any self-respecting Congressman, particularly the Senate boss. So, Johnson came up with an interesting legislative stew.

"What do you mean, a do-nothing Congress!" said the indignant Senator, in effect. "Look here—we've passed 412 bills in the Senate up to the end of March, 1956. That exceeds by more than 250 bills passed by the Senate in the same period last year."

It looked good, too. But Senator Johnson forgot to mention one thing: fattening his list of 412 bills were more than 220 "private bills" passed by his 84th Senate body. [A total of 880 bills became law during the first Session of the 84th. Of these, 490 were private bills. —ed.]

For all practical purposes, a private bill is a do-nothing law. It does nothing for the nation. It rarely even does anything for a handful of citizens. Chiefly, it is a bill designed to aid a specific individual and, on rare occasions, two, three or four individuals. In theory and in practice, there is nothing wrong with the private bill. Invariably, it is the only way John Q. Public can win satisfaction from Uncle Sam when every law in the land is against him, or when no law exists to succor his grievance.

Private bills are used for just about everything from preventing the deportation of immigrants, to paying off against losses incurred on Federal property, and against damages claimed by private citizens.

There was, for instance, the recent case of a father who had visited Washington with his young son. They took a tour of the Capitol Building, and while there the son left his camera with a guard. When they returned to pick up the camera, it was gone. A private bill

was passed by Congress and it became a national law—to reimburse the boy for his camera. Of course, Senator Johnson wouldn't care to put a story like this into his compilation of bills passed by the Senate!

ONLY a few years ago, the then maverick Republican Senator from North Dakota, Senator William Langer, who sometimes called himself a "liberal" or "independent," unwittingly won another label for himself. He was referred to as "the third Senator from New York." That was because—for some strange reason—whenever an immigrant in the New York or Atlantic seaboard area was about to be deported, Senator Langer would introduce a private bill to allow the immigrant to remain in America.

During the period beginning early in 1947 and up to March, 1952, of the 82nd Congress, Senator Langer had introduced more than 300 private bills affecting some 1,116 persons.

Of course, the private bill serves many legitimate functions and not infrequently remedies severe hardship, particularly when American GI's want to bring wives and children back with them from their overseas assignments. The private bill is also the only way Congress has of getting around laws and administrative rules that often are harsh and cruel, although necessary.

As a legislative device, the private bill is almost as old as our

Congress itself. Back in the four-year period between 1789 and 1793, when the founding fathers had their hands full creating legislation vital to the nation's future, more than 1,000 private bills were passed!

Indeed, it was during George Washington's first administration when the private bill was used successfully for the first—and last—time as an effective instrument of national policy. It was the kind of law one legitimately would add to a list of bills to be passed by Congress. It came as a result of the fact that American trade had nose-dived due to the British blockade of France and its colonies.

Getting American trade moving again was important, but businessmen were reluctant to send goods abroad. The losses to British men-of-war were disastrous. Never mind, said Thomas Jefferson, Washington's Secretary of State. Get your goods moving. We need the trade.

And Jefferson offered official assurances to American exporters that if their commodities or ships suffered damage as a result of attempts to get through the blockade, they would be reimbursed through the passage of private bills. It worked.

Today, private bills are tossed into the legislative hopper at a rate of more than 1,000 a year.

Anyone—you or I or your cousin—can ask his Congressman to

turn in a private bill. Most Congressmen readily do so. But this does not mean automatic passage—although the private bill gets legislative courtesy. You know—you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours!

It takes about a year for most private bills to get through both houses of Congress, but each bill is supposed to be investigated beforehand by a special subcommittee of the House, and recommendations of the subcommittee are invariably observed. If the subcommittee turns thumbs down, the bill does not get through. It could, however, be brought up again at the next session.

ages against Uncle Sam. There is virtually no statute of limitations on the nature of such claims.

During World War II, a sergeant on a train carrying U.S. troops tossed an egg at a fireman in a passing locomotive. The fireman almost lost an eye. He sued the Army. The Army ruled, however, that the fireman could not recover damages, and the courts backed up the Army. Why? The soldier, said the official opinion, was not "performing any official duties." But not long ago Congress felt differently about the matter and passed a private bill authorizing the U.S. Treasurer to pay \$4,300 in damages to the fireman.

A SUBSTANTIAL number of private bills contain claims for dam-

Back in the days of rum-running and prohibition, a group of Amer-

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ican citizens, riding in a car, were injured in an accident when the vehicle collided with one driven by a bootlegger hotly taking it on the lam from Federal agents. The citizens tried to sue the government but got nowhere.

Then, not long ago, the merits of the private bill was called to their attention. They had one drawn up to get a total of \$8,000 in damages. The bill was passed, but President Eisenhower vetoed it—with regrets. The situation was “most lamentable,” said the President, but such an award would have constituted a “gratuity.”

In these days of frenetic trust-busting, the private bill is at least one form of blessing to the company who makes things for Uncle Sam. Often a small businessman gets a contract from the government which unexpectedly turns out to be ruinously unprofitable—as a result of sudden and unforeseen rising costs in raw materials or unforeseen production headaches. So he packs his bags and his

profit-and-loss statements and heads for Washington, where he gets his Congressman to introduce a private bill.

UNTIL sweeping reforms introduced by the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, under ex-President Hoover's prodding, private bills sometimes constituted neat instruments for petty political logrolling—like getting a bridge built over a small stream, or authorizing appropriations for a minor road in an outlying area—where perhaps only the Congressman introducing the bill lived with a handful of his constituents.

Now, aside to the Senate majority leader: Dear Senator Johnson—if the number of laws passed by the Senate should become a yardstick by which to evaluate “do-nothing” or “yes-we-did-do-something,” it is obviously unwise to throw the total number of private bills into the stew. The private bill is a Congressional habit and belongs to both parties.

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In The Caribbean

By Harold Lord Varney

WHILE American eyes are focused on the festering crisis in Europe and the Middle East, there are looming signs that we are overlooking an even graver danger in our own front yard. The point of peril is Latin America.

The last two years have been years of false optimism for Americans, Latin America-wise. We have convinced ourselves that Communism was definitely checked in this hemisphere. The rebuff which was administered to the Reds in Guatemala in 1954 strengthened this confidence. Other developments—the supplanting of Prio by Batista in Cuba, the fall of Peron in Argentina—seemed to point to better times south of the border. The mood has been hand-made for Moscow. The shrewd strategists of the Kremlin have taken advantage of American over-confidence and complacency to launch a new kind of attack on Latin America. It is an attack which may confront the United States with a stupendous challenge in the very near future.

As in our grotesque misjudgments of Egypt, Vietnam and China, too many of us are living in a fog of wishful thinking about Latin America.

• No such rosy-hued view would have been possible to any American present at a hush-hush meeting which took place in a luxurious Mexico City home on June 11, 1955. On this occasion, an anti-American junta was reconstituted which is ambitiously dedicating itself to the task of driving American influence out of the Caribbean area. Under the surface calm of apparent tranquillity, the junta is stirring the troubled waters in the Caribbean islands and in Central America at a dozen fevered points. The next few months are likely to see some of this agitation exploding into ugly events.

• The *dramatis personae* of this new plot against America is an interesting one. Heading the junta is the enigmatic intellectual, Romulo Betancourt, who was briefly President of Venezuela. Since his oust-

ing at Caracas, the ambitious Betancourt has taken over the leadership of all the dissident and anti-Yankee fragments in the Caribbean area. With his misty jumble of ideas, in which the elimination of America is confounded with the economic uplift of the Latin American worker and farmer, Betancourt makes a strong idealistic appeal to millions. A tireless worker, he is the man to watch in the Caribbean future.

Plotting with Betancourt at Mexico City were such other shady Caribbean figures as Juan Rodriguez, immensely wealthy Dominican foe of Generalissimo Trujillo, who has financed many unsuccessful coups in the area, Charnaud MacDonald, the Scotch-Guatemalan who was the scheming brain behind the regime of pro-Communist Guatemalan President, Jacob Arbenz, and numerous other lesser known Cuban, Dominican and Central American revolutionists. Such men, hardened by the savage in-fighting in the Caribbean area since 1947, cannot be underestimated. They are a poised dagger pointed at the United States.

COMMUNISM plays a role in the plot, but it is a discreetly camouflaged one. At the Mexico City conclave, the peaceful "popular front" strategy was adopted. Blanket condemnation of the United States will be replaced by cultivation of so-called "liberal" American

groups which can splinterize American public opinion. For the present there will be no violent coup d'etats as the Guatemalan blunder of 1954 or the attempted Caribbean League interventions in the Dominican Republic of 1947 and 1949. Force will be soft-pedalled.

But the hand of the Communists is evident in every Latin American development. Communist activities in this hemisphere are directed from the Caribbean Bureau which sits in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Here a training school which is currently enrolling 750 future Latin American Red agents is maintained. The outstanding figure in this Bureau is presently Jacob Arbenz, deposed President of Guatemala. At the Mexico City confab, the Bureau had a spokesman in Charnaud MacDonald. Supreme junta leader Betancourt, once an avowed Communist, sustains the pose that he severed all relations with the Communists when he established his own party, the Venezuela *Accion Democratica* Party. But the record shows that he has worked closely with the Communists ever since he was driven from Venezuela. Together with his Communist advisers, he had a hand in the whole discreditable Guatemalan turn to Communism in 1953 and 1954. The Communists, with their profound experience in insurrectionism, are the integrating force in all the junta enterprises.

Where are the soft points where the junta and its Communist prompters will be apt to appear in the Caribbean area? The most probable points of action, and in the order named, are:

1. Martinique.

2. Guatemala.

3. Any one of the five Central American nations, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador or Panama, where unrest may give an opening.

4. Brazil, not a Caribbean country but a point of Communist attack which, on account of its size, could affect the whole area.

5. Dominican Republic, not a soft point but, because of its pivotal role in the Caribbean, the continuing target of all Communist attempts.

1. French-ruled Martinique is a cancerous point of Communist concentration in the area. Reflecting the policy in Mother France, Communists are permitted full freedom of action, and Communists represent Martinique in the French Chamber of Deputies. With most of the other Caribbean islands closed to them, Martinique provides a safe operating point for much of the clandestine Communist activity in the area. So far, France has been impervious to American suggestions that this break in the anti-Communist dam be sealed up.

2. Guatemala has just experienced a resurgence of the student and

worker troubles which were believed stamped out in 1954. Arbenz and his pro-Communist clique are gone and Guatemala is ruled by staunch anti-Communists but the seeds of disaffection still remain. The exiled Guatemala Communists, backed by huge funds which were planted in European banks during the Arbenz regime, are watching the situation with hawk-like gaze. In the "agrarian reformer" impersonation, the Guatemala Communists have a leverage strikingly similar to that which brought down Kuomintang China. The Prague wirepullers believe that they can do the same to Castillo Armas' insecure government.

3. The high tide of Central American unrest was weathered a few years ago, but pockets of Communist activity remain. Most important for America are Costa Rica and Panama, which look down on the Panama Canal. Costa Rica, the most literate country in central America, is the most strongly infected with Communists. A State Department report issued before the Guatemala troubles estimated the number of Communists in Costa Rica at 5,000, a large ratio in this country of small population. If a similar ratio obtained in the United States, we would have almost 1,000,000 enrolled Communists instead of the present 35,000.

Jose Figueres, the present strong man of Costa Rica, makes a con-

spicuous show of his pro-Americanism and anti-Communism. But his record is equivocal. Before coming to power he was an outspoken admirer of Betancourt, and one of his early acts was to give Betancourt a Costa Rican passport on which he moves freely about the Caribbean region. As recently as 1950 at Havana, Figueres declared that "The Costa Rican movement considers itself a minor disciple of the great movement led by Romulo Betancourt." More significant was the revelation by Otilio Ulate, whom Figueres thrust aside in his seizure of power, that:

"From Venezuela as president and as chief of the Revolutionary junta, as well as after he left office, Betancourt directed the thought and official action of President Arevalo of Guatemala and Figueres of Costa Rica. Betancourt's plan embraced the entire Caribbean."

Communism has not made much headway in Panama but anti-Americanism is the political stock in trade of the Panama politicians. In this land which reeks with corruption the American position will always be insecure. The Caribbean Bureau in Prague has its agents in Panama, ready to adopt political developments to Kremlin purposes. Panama is full of political TNT.

4. Brazil, the leviathan of Latin American nations, is the present Number One target of the Communists. The loss of such a nation to the Free World would be analo-

gous to the loss of China in Asia. It would upset the balance in the whole Latin American world.

That Communism has made frightening inroads in Brazil since the suicide of Vargas is self-evident. Brazil is bound to the United States by a mutual defense treaty, as well as by generous infusions of American capital and aid. It is also the one large Latin American nation whose present President, Juscelino Kubitschek, was elected to office by grace of open support of the Communist Party. Kubitschek squeezed through in 1955 by the narrow margin of 300,000. But 500,000 of his popular votes were supplied by the *Partido Comunista de Brasil*.

Kubitschek's debt to the Communists has been paid by appointing Communists to important posts in his government, as well as by continuing the unwholesome pro-Communist clique in the Brazilian Army which Vargas tolerated. At the recent meeting of Presidents at Panama, Kubitschek insulted the United States by bringing, as a member of his delegation, the brazenly anti-American Congress Majority Leader Tracilio Vieira de Melo, former secretary of the Communist League of National Emancipation.

The Brazil situation is the more explosive since actual enclaves of Communist armed guerrilla action exist in the interior. The Communist Prestes, exiled from Brazil,

hovers over the situation, waiting ghoulishly for his moment to act.

5. But the unceasing objective of Red efforts in the Caribbean is the weakening or overthrow of the 26-year anti-Communist regime of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo in the Dominican Republic. While Trujillo stands, all the intrigues and gambits of the Prague Caribbean Bureau face the counter-opposition of a resourceful and uncompromising figure. It was Trujillo who set the stage for the overthrow of Arbenz Red rule in Guatemala, although other men received the credit.

Twice, in 1947 and in 1949, the "Caribbean League," collect-all of Communists and Dominican oppositionists which preceded Betancourt's present junta, attempted an actual invasion of the Dominican Republic. Both failed dismally for lack of popular oppositionist support inside Trujillo's nation.

The present strategy, in line with the popular-front policy adopted in Mexico City in 1955, is to attempt to drive a breach between Trujillo and the United States by a smear campaign in the American press. Certain familiar American "liberals" are cooperating fervently in this attempt. The phony "Galindez Case" was the opening gun in this publicity drive. The smear stories of Murray Kempton in the *New York Post* were another maneuver. So far Washington has been unmoved by this specious activity.

THE rumbling fires of all this Junta and Communist activity create a background of uneasy insecurity in America's position in the Caribbean. With Mexico an unpredictable friend, as well as one of the few Latin American countries which recognizes Red Russia and officially permits Communist Party existence, there is no secure line against Communism below the border. There are evidences that much of the Communist infiltration in the Caribbean and Central American countries is directed from Mexico City. The suspicion is strengthened by the diplomatic establishment of 800 which the Soviet Embassy maintains in Mexico City.

Another X factor in the Caribbean area is the British. Once a stabilizing influence in the island area, the British hand is becoming lax and unnerved. While Downing Street handled the British Guiana and British Honduras crises with accustomed British skill, the long-range policy is one of withdrawal. The nascent Caribbean Federation which will unify and give virtual autonomy to all the British islands is certain to become a battle ground for nationalist disorder.

The largest constituent in the proposed Federation, Jamaica, is undergoing a change-over from strong British rule to virtual self-government. The new constitution has thrown up into power in Jamaica the highly respected but un-

predictable Prime Minister Norman Manley. A long-time Socialist, Manley might be driven by political necessity to make arrangements with the Jamaica Communists. Whatever happens, the change-over creates a soft spot where there was once firm government. Some of the smaller British islands have witnessed disorders in an acute form in recent years. Grenada and Antigua were scenes of bitter general strikes in 1951, checked only by the interposition of the British Army.

The most charitable interpretation of Britain's recent course is that the defense of the Caribbean, in the years ahead, is going to be an almost exclusively American job.

It is a harrowing reflection that, although the United States has been in the Caribbean since 1898, it has no consistently-maintained, long-range policy for meeting the anti-American problem, now complicated by Communism.

What weapons do we possess for our mounting Caribbean task? Fortunately, we are well endowed with weapons—if we have the foresightedness to use them.

Probably our primary weapons of Caribbean policy may be briefly described as allies, financial and security aid and long-term investment. Some of these are already being used realistically by our State Department which, despite its floundering elsewhere, has seldom

allowed ideology to interfere with practicality in the Caribbean.

THE United States has few allies in the area, but it is fortunate in those whom it has. The rock of the American position in the Caribbean is Generalissimo Trujillo: in Central America it is the Liberal-maligned Anastasio Somoza, president of Nicaragua. While these two strong men endure, Communism and anti-Americanism can go only so far in the Caribbean. Their authority is a guarantee against the most dangerous hazard which America could face in the area—a consolidation of nationalist forces against the North.

In a different class is the other strong man in the Caribbean—President Fulgencio Batista of Cuba. Batista is now firmly in the American corner but, unlike Trujillo, who never compromised with the Communists, Batista was once fooled by the Moscow boys. His long interlude in the wilderness during the eight years of Grau and Prio (1944 to 1952) alienated him from the Leftist elements of Cuba and made him the present pro-American choice in his country. As long as he successfully rides the rapids of Cuban cut-throat politics, American policy will have a friend in Cuba. But he could fall.

There are indications that Carlos Castillo Armas, who led the successful ouster of the Communists in Guatemala, may be shaping

up as an important factor for American policy in Central America. Castillo has had his troubles but he has shown qualities of real leadership in overcoming them.

We desperately need more allies in the area, but where are we to find them? One obvious way to make friends and influence people is to use American economic aid more intelligently. During the last 15 years, approximately \$3 billion of American taxpayers' money has been siphoned off for Latin American projects. A dishearteningly large part of this money has been wasted. The important question in the Caribbean is how can we make certain that a preponderant amount of this money goes to our friends who are backing American policy, rather than to nations like Brazil, Argentina or Chile which are political question marks.

Unfortunately the thinking of President Eisenhower, or more correctly, Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, who charts Latin American policy, is not in this direction. The President's proposal at Panama to create a commission to study social, educational and economic improvements within the OAS needs serious second thinking. In effect, it would end the personal and unilateral relationship between Washington and the republics south of us, and would interpose a hemispheric body between them. In the present Latin American set-up, such a body would necessarily

be dominated by America's enemies, and by the fence-sitters. It is another scheme to pour out American millions, but to require no aftermath of goodwill for the U. S.

A broad field for American imaginative statesmanship in Latin America is economic development. Latin America, with its annual United States trade of \$7 billion, is probably the one spot on the globe where economic development outlay would bring worth-while returns to the United States. A policy whose value to us is extremely dubious when applied in India, in Southeast Asia or in other remote regions is a must for America when attempted in our own hemisphere. South America and the Caribbean area are the fastest growing population regions in the world. Demographers have computed that Latin America should have twice the population of the United States and Canada by 2,000 A.D. It is America's one dependable market. Anything which we do to increase the purchasing power of this hemispheric area is good business for us.

THIS is not to say that the United States should give itself over to an ill-considered program of public grants and loans for Latin American economic development. As in the case of Brazil, which is asking for huge grants of American money but which proposes to invest it in state-managed heavy

industry, we should not be so naive as to subsidize socialism in our neighbors. The answer is more American private investment (with the participation of nationals of the recipient country) and less Export-Import Bank and World Bank underwriting.

A plus factor should be chalked up for the Eisenhower Administration on this issue. Washington, under its present policy-makers has wisely tightened Import-Export Bank loans for Latin America while giving the green light to private investment. Assistant Secretary of State Henry Finch Holland, who has charge of Latin American affairs, is distinctly not a do-gooder. This administration policy has brought us into conflict with some Latin American Presidents who are hopeful of easy hand-outs. So far, over \$6½ billion of American private capital is invested in Latin America. It is one of America's good investments.

Unhappily, recent developments disclose that we shall not have a clear field in the Caribbean or in the countries to the South. Russia is entering the area, not only as a political but as a trade opponent. Soviet Premier Bulganin's announcement in the magazine *Vision* that Russia is ready to export machinery, equipment and vehicles to Latin American countries, as well as technical assistance, is the first warning in a sharp coming trade war. Czechoslovakia appears

to be the spearhead of this Russian undertaking. Red Czech trade envoys are in the field offering markets for the surpluses of the one-crop Latin American countries in a barter arrangement whereby Latin America will receive Communist-made manufactured commodities. Long-term credits, which are not obtainable from American houses, are being offered. Such threatening competition should not be underrated. It is the deceptive first move in the long-range chess game which will bring Communism into this hemisphere.

TODAY, this is *our* hemisphere. But Americans must face the hard truth that we must battle Moscow, both on the political and economic front, if we are to hold it with a firm grip.

The situation in the Caribbean and in the nations to the south is not one for Rover boys. Many bleeding-hearts damn Trujillo and his strong rule but Americans sleep better nights in the thought that he, and the other American friends in the area, are holding the ramparts in the Caribbean. A Latin American leadership typified by such mealy mouths as Romulo Betancourt would create a hemisphere in which the United States couldn't live.

The sooner the American people face this overriding fact, the sooner we can hope to evolve a viable Latin American policy.

Names that Aren't

by John Sidney

Give your child a name he can wear with dignity, not one that will make him the butt of jokes all his life.

THE two little girls met for the first time over the garden fence.

"My name is Petronella and my brother's name is Marmaduke," said the first little girl. "What's yours?"

"Oh, mine's Anne and my brother's is George," said the second little girl.

"What common names!" said the first little girl.

"Well, they're good enough for kings and queens," said the second little girl, "so they're good enough for us!"

Most modern parents seem to find the simple common names "good enough." As a recent survey shows, the most popular boys' names are John, David, Richard, Peter, Michael, Christopher, Simon, Andrew, Robert, Martin and Paul. The most popular girls' names are Ann (Anne), Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Margaret, Susan, Catherine, Alison, Gillian, Helen, Ruth, Sarah, Frances and Clare.

But now let's look at some parents who did not show the same understanding and consideration for their children.

A certain Major Beale, who had guarded Napoleon, called his son Oneseperous.

William Turton, an ardent disciple of Jenner, the scientist who developed vaccines, had a daughter. The name he gave her was Vaccina.

British parents have been guilty of inflicting on their children names which fitted their surnames. These are the results: River Jordan, Paschal Lamb, Woodbine Green, Annie Seed, Pearl Tooth, Shady Bower, and Winsome Kidd.

A baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Meow in the State of Washington was called Katz—Katz Meow! Another boy in Illinois bears the name of Ache Payne.

Living in Norfolk, England, at the beginning of this century were a family of four—two brothers and

two sisters, with the names Asenath Zaphnaphpaaneah, Kezia Jemima Kerenhappuch, Maher-Shalal-Hashbaz, and Arphad Absalom Alexander Habakkuk William Shelah (Habby to his friends).

THE HISTORIAN Arthur Bryant records these names of 17th century Sussex jurymen: Accepted Trevor, Redeemed Compton, Faint-Not Hewit, Standfast-on-High Stringer, Kill-Sin Pimple, Be-Faithful Joiner, Fly-Debate Roberts, Fight-The-Good-Fight-Of-Faith White, More-Fruit Fowler, Hope-For Bending, Weep-Not Billing and Meek Beaver.

Those were well-meant Christian names, but distinctly un-Christian are these three names given to children in Victorian England: Not-Wanted James, One-Too-Many, and That's-It-Who'd-Have-Thought-It.

The licensee of the King's Head, Prestwood, Bucks, who died in 1933, is recorded as Alphabet Ayres. This, at any rate, was a far more economical effort than the full alphabetic list of names given to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pepper of Liverpool, in 1880. She was christened Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetto Zenol (The missing "P" is found in the surname.)

Some people go to the length of changing their names. Mr. William Shakespeare found it necessary to change his; he gave as his reason that he was tired of people making silly jokes. And Mr. Singular Onions Gallyhawks of New York also felt that the joke had gone far enough.

Miswald Wrandvakist decided to change his clumsy name to Lincoln Dislfrowles Wrandvaufgilmotkets on the grounds that his old name was unlucky. And, from the African veldt, comes Thenaderblast Mishgedeigle Sump, Esquire.

Dislike of jokes about his name made the grandfather of the great Duke of Wellington change his name. It was Colley, and a popular song of the day was about a cow called "Colley." So he assumed the name of a relative, Wesley, and expanded it to Wellesley.

On the other hand, there is a merchant in New York called Preserved Fish—he says that his name is a boon to business.

Marriage sometimes creates some curious name combinations. In Los Angeles in 1938 a woman was a bride and a groom on the same day: Gladys Mann married Bernard Groom. In Texas, Martha Ellen Combs married a man called Daly and her full name became Martha Ellen Combs Daly. Also living in America is Elizabeth Bird whose three husbands have been all of a feather: Husband No. 1 was Mr. Martin, followed by Mr.

Crow, and then by Mr. Buzzard. People who telephoned the chaplain's office at Buckley Field, Colorado, U. S. A., just after the war, were somewhat startled to hear a voice answer: "Chaplain's Office, St. Peter speaking." Complaints were made about this apparent irreverence. Then it came out that Private St. Peter was, in fact, a young soldier on duty in the Chaplain's office.

NOT SO DUMB

An old mountaineer and his son were sitting in front of the fire smoking their pipes, crossing and uncrossing their legs. After a long period of silence, the father said, "Son, step outside and see if it's raining."

Without looking up, the son answered, "Aw, Pop, why don't we jest call in the dog and see if he's wet?"

The kindly old lady was much impressed with the street beggar. "Oh, you poor man!" she exclaimed. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But, you know, it could be worse. It would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're tellin' me, lady," responded the beggar. "When I was blind, people was all a-time givin' me foreign coins." —GRIT

A father sat down with his son to tell him the facts of life. After a long and detailed lecture, he explained to his son that he had told him everything he knew and asked if there were any questions he hadn't answered.

The son thought for a minute, then said, "I've always wondered, Dad, but I've always been shy about asking. Why does the Saturday Evening Post come out on Wednesday?" —TIDE

A cultured wife was touring Europe with her boorish husband, whose only talent was making enough money to keep her in mink. They were standing in front of the great Gothic cathedral of Cologne. She was exclaiming over every stone while he complained of his feet. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, look at those flying buttresses! See how they soar!"

"Hell," he answered after one upward glance, "them's pigeons."

—BILL ARTER

THE DONKEY and

THE ELEPHANT

by Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr.

THIS is election year—the year of oratory, conventions, posters and platitudes. It's also a year when millions of Americans identify themselves by buttons and posters as being followers of a donkey or an elephant. Why these symbols? And from where?

* The originator of America's modern political symbolism was Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist. Nast pinned the donkey tail on the Democratic Party in 1870 in a cartoon that blasted the political group as one of braying noise and obstinate obstruction. Again and again he used it until the party begrudgingly accepted the accolade, translating the barb into a symbol of homeliness close to the heart of the common man.

* Nast's GOP elephant first lumbered into a cartoon in 1874. Here again, the symbol was a blast—he used the beast as a symbol of the

party's timidity and docility. He always drew the beast in a position of puzzled danger, straddling a fence or poised in confusion before a dangerous Democratic trap.* With true political instinct, however, the Republicans similarly did their own translation job on the figure, saying the pachyderm represented size, dignity, strength and intelligence.

After the Civil War, Nast began a campaign against corruption that resulted in the Tammany Tiger. The rapacious tiger emerged from his fine strokes to be universally acclaimed "as the most impressive political cartoon ever produced in this country."

Furthermore, our Uncle Sam of today and the figure of Miss Liberty are also Nast figures—two more additions to the country's political lore to come from the talented pen of this roly-poly German-born American.



LABOR, THE BOSS and HOT AIR



by S. Lopez

OVER on the shady, air-conditioned side of the uneasy relationship between Labor and Management are a couple of comfortable, grassy glades known as "Industrial Relations" and "Union Leadership."

These two sides of the Labor Relations picnic grounds may be separated by a picket fence but they are close together. They lie in the same field, in the shelter of the same shady tree and the picnickers freely exchange gossip, sandwiches and cold drinks when no one is looking.*

♦ Speaking from the management side, we labor-relations experts feel we are members of a profession that has now come of age. Our relationship to our principal has come to be much the same as that

of the doctor to his patient, the lawyer to his client, or the farmer to his cow.

♦ Like the farmer, we must keep our source of supply and support gentled and contented. This we call the psychological approach to effective communications and proceed with many a "Soo-o, Boss; soo-o-oo, Boss. Ho there, Bossy!" Soft words about "the relaxation of executive tensions" are good, too, especially when murmured in a soothing tone while gently

*We do not here refer to the more open and below-board business of union racketeering. We of the Labor Relations family, legitimate issue of the shotgun marriage between labor and capital performed by the Rev. Wagner T. Hartley, are the first to condemn the racketeers as a bunch of poachers who are lousing up our hunting grounds.

scratching the Old Bull between the horns.

And, like the medical man and the lawyer, we have our own language. This is above and beyond the understanding of mere laymen. "We must evaluate the interrelation of causal and/or differential aspects of the cumulative weighted comparison in restructuring our job-motivation coordinates." A remark like this (meaning, if anything, "Wonder who's doing what around here and why?") when delivered with an abstracted air of worried efficiency, is every bit as effective as a writ of certiorari or a stethoscope.

Having mastered the bedside manner and picked up the patter, we proceed to belabor our relations with management. Here is a typical labor-relations year at our typical, medium-sized company:

It is almost time (it always is) for us to start negotiating a New Union Contract. This we automatically view with alarm. We ring bells, sound sirens, and run around the plant with fire axes. But this is not enough. We are progressive. We employ the latest techniques. We shall take the positive approach.

We get out the old 20-page union contract and our 450-page obfuscation of it. Now get to work and rewrite the contract. We reduce wages, increase hours, eliminate vacations and add a general clause which reads: "The Union hereby expresses complete confidence in the Management of the Company

and pledges itself to abide by all Management decisions without question and in perpetuity."

The Boss will love this. Now to get the message to him in the proper, positive manner.

We go home, drink four extra martinis during the evening, set the alarm for 5:00 A.M. as for a fishing or hunting trip (which is what this is) and crawl into bed. We leave our clothes piled in a heap in the corner of the room.

IN THE MORNING, we drag out at five. Without pausing to shave, we pick yesterday's clothes from the corner, dress, and hit for the office with a thermos of coffee. Plenty of time. Drink black coffee and wait. Leave the office door open so everyone coming in can see we have been working all night. When the Boss bumbles in, jump.

Bleary-eyed and rumped, we catch him at his office door and follow him in. Hand him our apotheosis of the union contract. We are wan and weary, but enthusiastic. "Here, Chief," we say, "is something for us to shoot at this year!"

Right! It is dead already, being stillborn, but we shall shoot a cork or two at it. It serves the same purpose as a small boy shooting at lions in the back yard with his pop gun. We bag no lions. But it is clean fun, harms no one, and it appeals to the Old Man's hunting instinct. Now, while he dreams

golden dreams of big kills in the union jungles, is our time to make a bid for a bigger allowance.

This is what is known in the trade as Free Collective Bargaining. Quick, while the Boss feels he has a free bargain, we collect. Later, when the Union's contract demands hit him, he will be staggered. He will lean on us. He will value us. But he will not, in that mood, give us money.

By now it is some two to two and a half months before our old contract expires. The negotiation season is opening.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, the Old Man was given unanimous support in his determination to stand absolutely firm this year. He declared in ringing tones, "Gentlemen! The time has come for we believers in the American Way to stand up and be counted. We must man the ramparts of free enterprise to stem the tide of creeping socialism that is gnawing like termites at our very fundamentals. We must hold the line to weather the storm. We must grasp the bull by the tail and look the situation in the face. I say, millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

The Board members gave him a rising vote of confidence on their way out.

From all this, we know by experience the Company will concede a wage increase of 15 cents across the board, plus a few fringe

benefits. Naturally, our compatriots on the union side have been aware of this for some months. They will settle for it. Why don't we just sign the papers and forget it?

You don't understand the game. At Las Vegas, the customer doesn't just walk in the door and surrender his wallet. No. Wheels spin, dice are rolled and cards are dealt. So too, we are morally—and legally—obligated to give our principals a run for their money.

THE Labor Relations Board demands that both parties bargain. Bargaining, the Board holds, means making concessions. If either side started right off with what it really intended to settle for and then stood pat, it would be an "Unfair Labor Practice"—with dire consequences. This is not done. The procedure is like buying a fish in a Cairo market. The seller starts by asking twice what he expects to get. The buyer offers half what he expects to pay.

So, the Union opens with a press release. It announces that the Company has just had the most profitable year in its history, but only at the expense of Slave Labor. The Union demands a 40-cent per hour wage increase, two-months annual vacations and the right to schedule all work in the main plant.

We scream an agonized reply. Last year we did manage to eke out a small profit. But this year, costs are up, prices are weak, com-

petition is terrific and the future looks black. As a counter proposal, we suggest a 10-cent per hour wage reduction and the right to fire anyone not showing a suitably cooperative attitude.

Now we all get together for the big, full-dress meeting we have been rehearsing for months. The press is invited. Union members are invited. All of the larger wheels of the Company are invited.

The immaculately dressed Union Chairman flings his gloves contemptuously on the bargaining table and opens with an inspiring declaration of the rights of labor. "We laboring men," he says, "have built this business with our sweat, our blood and our tears. We have been given a pittance for our pains. Now, at last, the time has come for we starving Sons of Toil to assert our rights as free men. We must have a Living Wage. We will fight on the production lines, we will fight in the factory; if need be, we will fight on the picket lines. We will never surrender!"

The Union Member, worried about his next payment on the new Buick, applauds like mad. Then it is our turn. We rise and speak in sorrow, not in anger.

CAPITAL and Management have risked everything to build this great industry, primarily to create fine, secure jobs for our loyal Employees. Now we are in desperate straights. Our business is collaps-

ing. Our competitors have us backed against the wall. We are deeply hurt by the attitude of the Union in this, our hour of extremity.

"However, we are confident that now the facts are known, there will be a great change. And if the Union agrees wholeheartedly to the drastic retrenchment necessary, Management will disregard its better judgment and make a final despairing effort to hold things together for another year in the forlorn hope that some unforeseen upturn may save Our Company!"

The Wheels sob softly in unison and begin planning an extra stock dividend comes autumn.

Negotiations are begun. As we open our two months or so of executive (private) sessions with the Union, there is one little problem we must clear away. Both sides have large staffs of experts assisting. We have old Joe Gudge, for example. Used to be Plant Superintendent. Since his breakdown, his conviction that the boiler room is manned by cunningly disguised Martian invaders who are planning to blow up the factory has made him too excitable to stay on his old job. He refuses to retire.

You can't fire a man with his amount of service, stock and connections, so he is with our staff. And there is the Old Man's son-in-law and an assortment of other industrial relations of the Board.

This group, plus the Union

Chairman's grandfather, wife, and six brothers makes too large a negotiating committee for off-the-record sessions. So we set up a sub-committee to study the language of Section Seven of the Contract and report back. Such sub-committees are seldom heard from again, but no matter.

Now, at last, we get down to bargaining in earnest. Lay the cards on the table. It has been said that negotiation sessions are like a poker game. This is true. In fact, they frequently *are* a poker game. We have to do something to pass the time besides issue pessimistic press releases and reports at regular intervals. We must play our cards carefully. The expense account will only stand so much.

And so it goes. At last, the contract deadline is at hand. This is the climax. The situation is critical. The tension builds.

We issue communique No. B-47: "Despite the completely unrealistic attitude of union leadership, we have made far-reaching concessions and will continue to do everything in our power to avert the needless suffering that a senseless strike, inflicted by callous, power-mad leaders, would visit upon our loyal employees."

Naturally, following the rules, the Union Chairman replies: "The situation is grim. The arrogant refusal of a reactionary management to give any serious consideration to the just demands of our patient,

long-suffering membership makes a strike almost inevitable."

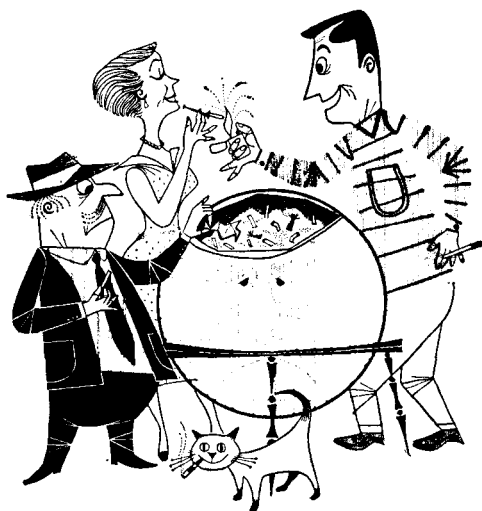
THE UNION takes a strike vote. There are wild-cat walkouts. Management wrings its hands and weeps in public. We, the hard-pressed, courageous negotiators, gird ourselves for a final mighty effort and plunge into continuous sessions.

At the last, breath-taking moment, we burst open the conference room doors and race to the rescue. "A new Contract. Fifteen cents across the board, one additional paid holiday, and new language throughout. We bring you Peace in Our Time!"

Ring down the curtain, to the thunder of applause and the popping of flash bulbs. The principals, our Old Man and the Union President, sign the Contract and shake hands for the cameras as we, the authors, watch modestly from the wings. The Big Show is over for the season.

We have brought Labor Peace. Now the Company—Union Members and Management together—can pitch in at making—ah-er-ah—whatever the heck it is they're making down there in the plant.

We Labor Experts will busy ourselves for the next nine months or so with writing out our detailed interpretation of the New Contract. And by the time we are through, it will be time to start negotiating again.



The World is Their Ash Tray

by Jack Denton Scott

A WHILE BACK the statistics experts reported that more than 60,000,000 Americans are smokers. A number puff away at pipes and cigars, but the vast majority burn up cigarettes estimated conservatively at the rate of 20 a day. Calculating non-smokers have figured that if all this smoke could be puffed out at one time, it would enshroud an area the size of Great Britain. But no one has considered what would happen if all the ashes from all America's cigarettes could be flicked into one heap.

❖ This promiscuous tapping, dropping and blowing of ashes from billions of cigarettes has aggravated many of that unusual species of *homo sapiens*, the non-smoker, of which I am one. In several cases

of sloppy smokers I have considered the simple expedient of murder; in others, a liberal basting with cold water or a hair-parting with the old reliable baseball bat.

❖ Perhaps you don't think the untidy habit of letting cigarette ashes fall where they may is wrong. Excuse me, I do. Ever since the American Indians got even by introducing us to tobacco, it is said that the weed has brought pleasure and social nonchalance to many. That's fine. All I say is that an astute cigarette manufacturer might do himself and the rest of the world a lot of good if he would pass out little booklets entitled "Manners for Smokers" with every package he sold.

❖ I'm convinced that most smokers

know when they are being careless with ashes, but they get away with it because no one seems to complain. I'm especially disturbed by those friends of mine who consider my house, my furniture, rugs, dishes and floors as their ash trays. May I sketch a few of these types for you?

There's one friend who does rather well, even though he smokes through everything—cocktails, *hors d'oeuvre*, dinner, dessert—dribbling ashes over everything, including himself. Then he always has two large cups of coffee, snubs his butts in the dredges of the cup, leaving a sodden mess that gives some people, including myself, a touch of seasickness.

OBVIOUSLY, he's not so bad as an attractive blonde friend of ours. She smokes two packs during the course of an evening, keeps a steady stream of smoke coming out of her mouth to accent her remarks, dot her conversational i's, and put a period to her sentences. Although we have diligently searched the country over for ash trays large enough to accommodate our friends, she can't seem to hit the giant one that we set at her elbow.

As a result there are ashes all over; the little table beside her always takes a severe beating. At the end of one evening when she graced us with her volcanic-like company, I counted 31 cigarette

butts, four of them in the tray, the others enshrined in mounds of their own ashes on the tabletop.

But the real bore is the person who purposely lets the ash grow on the cigarette until he is smoking a porous, gray monstrosity, then nonchalantly drops it wherever he is standing. As the ashes hit the floor, he'll say: "Oops, sorry! But don't worry. Ashes are good for rugs. Keeps the moths away."

Then there is the dangerous type who never quite finishes a cigarette but leaves it smoldering wherever he last sat. Our tables, chairs, rugs and furniture have all been branded by this character; brown scars that nothing can hide mark his personality well in our house. I've been tempted to take him by the seat of the pants on several occasions and toss him out, but he's a good friend and companion, and fastidious in all of his other habits.

Why is it that people who are charming and well-versed in the social graces suddenly become inexcusably careless when they light up their cigarettes? We know a chap whose company and conversation we enjoy. But he has the habit of standing very close while spouting his *bons mots* and blowing smoke directly into your eyes.

One night I excused myself in the middle of one of these ordeals and returned with smoked glasses and told him to continue. Being bright he said, "Oh, have I been bothering you with this smoke?

I'm sorry." Ten minutes later he was stoked up again and talking full smoke ahead. Even the glasses weren't much help.

6 The lip-picker is another choice type of smoker. My collector's item is an elderly woman who goes to great lengths to keep herself in the world of the young, even to the extent of having a cigarette in her hands at all times. She confides that she doesn't inhale, just likes to smoke. One evening I kept a little mental diary. From the time she arrived at eight until she left at eleven, she had a cigarette either in her hand or in her mouth at all times.

9 Before lighting up she industriously tapped her cigarette on the back of her hand before putting it in her mouth. (Expert smokers tell me that this is done to tap the tobacco grains tightly so that they don't cling to the lip.) However, after every third or fourth puff, she'd reach up and remove something from her lip. After watching

her for a full evening, I was ready to be measured for a straitjacket.

THEN THERE ARE the just plain messy types who smoke immediately after dinner and use their plates as ash trays; those who come to the kitchen to watch the cook and lift the lids of pots while cigarettes droop in their mouths and dribble ashes; those who sit beside you and reach out in what is supposed to be a nonchalant gesture and tap the ashes off the cigarette with the index finger, neatly depositing them on you.

9 Now, please don't get me wrong. I'm not an old fuddy-duddy, criticizing smoking. I'm told that it brings happiness and relaxation to many, and how could anyone be against things like that? It's the smokers' manners that mangle me—or the lack of manners. May I gently point out to them that although the world may be your oyster, please don't try to make it your ash tray.

Population Shift

The interesting facts about the population shift in the District of Columbia are these:

Washington's population was 400,000 during the pre-New Deal era. Now it is 840,000.

The population of the Washington suburbs in Maryland and Virginia jumped from 305,000 in 1940. Today it stands at 1,044,000.

In 1940, the Negro population of the district was 189,000 or 28 percent. This year the Negroes numbered 375,000 or 45 percent.



How to Understand Politics

by Eugene Newsome

YOU DON'T have to be a politician to enjoy politics and, in this year of the biennial whingding called Democracy in Action, you might as well get some sport out of what you can't escape.

They have moved the stump into the living room and they are going to get to you one way or another: television, radio, the mails, billboards, printed circular, telephone or the friendly hand-shake of brotherhood.

Do not be alarmed. On the other hand, it won't do you any good if you are. Politics always has been with us; it just seems to be getting thicker all the time.

A hundred years ago a candidate bought a round of drinks here, kissed a baby there, and took a strong stand against sin some-

where else. Today he hounds you morning, noon and night; harangues and cajoles, defies and wheedles, until maybe you get so sick of him you go out and vote for his opponent despite the fact the latter is a hammerhead, an unreconstructed pickpocket and did time for shooting his grandmother.

Actually, today's candidate is really no different from his predecessor of simpler and saner times. He's just noisier, better organized and better heeled. If he hopes to win, he had better be better heeled, because it is very difficult nowadays to rent planes, hire a corps of workers, buy printing and advertising and radio and television time on the promise of a check the first of next month.

On the basis of my own personal experiences in the outlying precincts, I would like to sum up a few homespun axioms and things. If you don't agree with what I have to say, I feel sure, in the best tradition of the game, you will defend with your life my right to say it.

IN SOME twenty years in the newspaper and public-relations fields, I never knew a single serious contender for public office who did not feel that he had been appointed from on high to lead the people out of the wilderness. I'm not talking about stalking horses—the gents who allow themselves to be entered in a race in order to draw fire—but the candidates who go out to win. The serious candidate convinces himself, and is backed up stoutly by his wife and a couple or three buddies, that he not only should but must, or the portals of good government will crash about the people's ears.

Portals just don't do a lot of crashing, no matter who wins or loses, and it may sound fatuous but the more I see, the more deeply I am convinced that Doe, defeated, is in nearly every instance just as competent and trustworthy as Doaks, elected; he's just not at the right place at the right time. Both are egocentric beyond the ordinary or they wouldn't be running for public office, and one is going to win and one lose and the loser

may gripe that he was fast-counted after the polls closed.

Entering a stalking horse with a name similar to one's opponent's is a shady practice that is going out of style. Congressman Flugel finds at the last minute that his old enemy, Walter J. Pefferly, has entered the race against him. Pefferly has pelted him on a number of occasions from the sidelines but never before has indulged in active politics. He is comparatively unknown in the congressman's district. Pefferly has no discernible criminal background and, as a matter of fact, is the father of eight fine kids and teaches a Sunday-School class and does good works.

Is Congressman Flugel in despair? Certainly not, for at the last quarter of the last minute, his faithful friends drag up and enter in the race an old character they had on tap all the time. His name, oddly enough, is Watters A. Fefferip.

There have been one or two instances in which this dredged-up character beat the congressman's ears down in the election that followed, and it must have been a heartening sight to see.

A good many candidates take the line that they really are not interested in how you vote—just so you vote. Peter Pan is far, far more convincing. Any adult, no matter how retarded, knows that the candidate who says he doesn't care how you vote is bouncing his

sore gums in an effort to sound like a statesman. The truth is, most politicians and their handlers believe implicitly that the more votes cast, the better their chances to win. Of course, it isn't so, for if everybody would vote, all candidates would win and then where would we be?

THE THEORY that the quality of public servants is improved if more people cast a ballot doesn't hold water any longer, unless you prefer to think that those who wouldn't have cast a ballot otherwise will now pay more attention to the quality of public servants.

The most winning candidate in any election is The Martyr. Skidmore Duggan is running against Jawbox Finn, and Finn is the incumbent. Both are solid citizens. The newspapers editorially favor Finn and most of the so-called social and civic leaders are active in his behalf. Finn says the right things and possesses the right backing. He appears to be headed for a win, and his slogan is obviously "Win With Finn."

Finn has said some pretty hard things about Duggan. He has concentrated on Duggan's shortcomings, detailed them, enlarged on them; excused magnanimously all but the very worst of them—and they're pretty bad—and repeated them for the benefit of those who came in late.

One week before election, Dug-

gan's wife falls down the back steps and breaks her collar bone, and his youngest daughter falls in the river and is rescued in the nick of time. Duggan's house burns and a bomb goes off under his car. He is smart enough not to make an issue of these calamities—though there are some snide critics who say he really shouldn't have pushed his kid in the river. He just goes forward charged with iron and integrity and wins the election.

Does misfortune particularly qualify a man for public office? Probably not, but it certainly makes him appreciate it.

Nobody seems to know just what does qualify a man for office. There is the old argument of the comparative merits of a face versus a platform. You'd be surprised at the number of voters who will say, under questioning, that their candidate is "better qualified" than his opponent. Is it that he can do sums in his head faster than the other, or recite the Bible or Constitution faster?

It seems to me we do not ordinarily elect people on the criterion of competence. We vote for a man because he is our kind of folks, trustworthy, will make the right decisions for the time and circumstances, looks sensible, sort of like old Uncle Shadrach who used to give us all that candy at Christmas. I believe that the platform is something to stand on,

indispensable as the candidate's trousers, but that most of us vote for the face.

• But he'd better have a platform or reasonable facsimile thereof when he takes office. If there is anything that will chill the voters quicker than the spectacle of public larceny, it is the spectacle of a public official afraid to move. They want to see him do something—even if it's wrong.

• As a garden-variety voter, I believe most candidates entertain one or more of the five following misconceptions:

1. *That the Machine can win for its favorite son over the People's Choice.* Outside of Chicago, there doesn't seem to be a massively efficient political machine in operation today. Even there, it is more a matter of astute public-relations than it is a mechanical turnout in which thousands of voters are pushed to the polls and instructed where to put their mark.

Organizations are invaluable but they don't elect candidates over the wishes of the majority.

• 2. *That Money Means Victory.* Maybe it would be more accurate to say that potential victory means money. Careless overspending has killed off more than one earnest campaigner who would have made a good showing otherwise. Campaigns are much more expensive than they used to be and it is not unusual, in the South at least, for a gubernatorial aspirant to pitch

\$250,000 into a fight for a job which will pay him only \$10,000 a year.

• Ordinarily, the more popular a candidate is, the more contributions he receives. So he spends more and accelerates his popularity and receives additional contributions, thus achieving the "snowball" or "bandwagon" effect of which all practical candidates dream.

• 3. *That a saturation of media will bulldoze the voters into a favorable reaction or at least make them so limp they won't know what they're doing.*

I, for one, am convinced that a guy who comes at you from every angle 24 hours a day, bleeds all over the place about how wrong and unreliable his opponent is, and how you'd better choose a man who combines the best qualities of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, namely himself, needs a sedative more than a vote.

• 4. *That the vast majority of voters make up their minds a day or two before election.* It just isn't so, and the whole weight of evidence dug up by the research people says it isn't so. As I have been able to determine from a cursory study of several volumes at the local library, they say something like this: the best informed part of the electorate makes up its mind earliest; the less well-informed (or personally interested) makes a later decision; and the least well-informed and interested group decides to-

ward the last period of campaigning or not at all.

In a very tight race, they aver, these late johnnies, who are not by any means the smartest members of the class, may settle the outcome of the election either voluntarily or because somebody hustles them bodily into the voting booths.

5. *Gimmicks win.* A few years back the "Talkathon," a system devised by a Miami advertising man to keep a client candidate on radio and/or television for extremely long periods, answering questions, was the hottest thing in electioneering. It zoomed one candidate into a governor's chair, but from then on it burnt them up with monotonous regularity.

WELL, these are just a few private observations, but I thought I would try to get them in edgewise and early. The best defense is offense and if you want to offend a politician or his supporters, just assure them that he's sure to lose, and be right.

It's a system, though certainly not guaranteed, and it will work in most local races, but not in the Presidential race because of the eccentricities of the Electoral College.

Simply by checking the varying abilities of your local gladiators to win friends and influence people during the campaign, you may be able to gloat a little and even acquire the reputation of a prophet.

You have to start early in the campaign and count accurately.

Say Hackensack and McBuster go for each other hammer and tongs as soon as the ticket closes. Carefully and diplomatically, you sift through your cross-section of friends and acquaintances and come up with, say, 12 who honestly haven't made up their minds and don't really think they'll vote. Re-checking a month later, you discover that six of the 12 have settled on Hackensack, two on McBuster, and the other four are as vague and uninterested as ever.

If your cross-section is roughly impartial and not derived from a single civic or social stratum, you might be wise to put two dollars on Hackensack. You might also, if and when he's elected, put your feet on his desk, taking the position that he's not only your boy but the right boy for the job, and usually he will be.

It may be sadistic and immoral, but the recreational aspects of doping elections are enormous. You can see it coming before it hits. It is the only defense I can think of against the razzle-dazzle, blitzkrieg, brain-washing type of attack being plotted against us voters.

The Gascon, the Bleeding Heart, the Glamor Boy, all of them, are getting set now to make their entrance; and it might be well for all of us to keep in mind the fact that they are the guests, not the hosts, at this party.

This Is What They Said

The hottest places in Hell are reserved for those who, in a period of moral crisis, maintain their neutrality.—DANTE

Treason doth never prosper;
What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper,
None dare call it treason.—SIR JOHN HARRINGTON

➤ Stalin's immortal name will live forever in our hearts, in the hearts of the Soviet people and of all progressive mankind.—V. M. MOLOTOV, in ovation at Stalin's funeral.

➤ I am desperately and earnestly pro-American in the highest and most refined sense of that word. Political Zionism, it seems to me, does violence to that concept. The so-called German-American Bund was out of place in American life. Similarly, Zionist-American organizations are out of place.—REV. EDWARD L. R. ELSON, NATIONAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is important that the sovereign hold the reins to the wealth he possesses. In passing them to another, he becomes the other's slave.—NORMAN DODD

The Christian faith offers peace in war; comfort in sorrow; strength in weakness and light in darkness.—SHERWOOD IDE

➔ Some people seem to forget that the primary dogma of Karl Marx's socialism was atheism and substitution of economic materialism for religious faith. Marxism denies the existence of God. It defiles ideals and denies spirit.—HERBERT HOOVER

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.—GEORGE WASHINGTON

If nine-tenths of you were as weak physically as you are spiritually, you couldn't walk.—BILLY SUNDAY

Knowledge is Power.—SIR FRANCIS BACON

➔ The Communist leopard frequently changes his spots, but the same blood—bad blood—continuously flows through his veins. Stalin, who ranked with Marx, Engels and Lenin as an untouchable saint in the godless Soviet temple, has been exposed by his own worshippers as a power-crazed tyrant, a pathological fraud and a cold-hearted executioner.—J. EDGAR HOOVER

I LIKE to Teach

by
Ruth Boas



Teachers usually complain about indifferent students, overwork and poor pay—but here's one high school teacher who finds fun and inspiration in her work with teen-agers.

WE WERE ON our way to Seattle to attend a journalism conference, five of my high school students and I, when we had a blow-out. We had with us only the money we had earned for the trip, so twenty-five dollars for a tire had all the calamity of a teen-ager's dateless weekend. Before I had decided what to do, the three boys disappeared and were back at the garage with twenty-five dollars in crisp bills.

» “Good heavens,” I said. “What did you do, rob a bank?”

“Nope, but this screwball,” Bob indicated Bud, “almost queered the deal.”

” It seems Bob, the son of a bank president, thought he might be able to capitalize on his father's name and get his personal check cashed.

“I was doing all right, too,” he said, “until this joker came up behind me. I had everything out of my billfold to prove my identity—my draft card, social security card, and for good measure I'd even fished out my Eagle Scout certificate. I finally convinced the cashier I was on the level and had the check practically made out when this character looks over my shoulder and says, ‘My gosh, Pete, what are you signing that name for?’ The guy almost didn't give me the money.”

” Looking after screwball kids on trips is just one of the things I do as a journalism teacher in high school. Nine years ago I went back into teaching as a substitute. The first two months I prayed for them to find someone to do the job regu-

larly. After that I was so fascinated I was afraid they would.

• I don't have to teach for a living. I do it because it's fun. Every month I get so much excitement, entertainment and satisfaction out of my job that in all fairness I should pay the school board instead of taking their money.

• Of course I have a nice setup. I teach in a western state where, perhaps, some of the chivalry the early cowboys used to show a nice female has drifted down to the young. There's no "Blackboard Jungle" in our school. But, when you come right down to it, most of the teaching jobs in the United States are in small cities and towns, where there are no juvenile gangs and where a teacher gets respect if he asks for it.

• I'm not going to claim that it is all a bed of roses. I have papers to correct, extra-curricular activities to supervise and a bunch of sixteen-and-seventeen-year-olds whose dynamic energy has to be directed into productive channels or blocked. But almost every day something so funny or heart-warming happens that it wipes out all the little irritations.

• Maybe it is looking at life from their point of view which helps. Each year I take my news staff to Seattle to a press conference and we take the last afternoon and evening to see the sights. One year the group got so carried away with the big public market that

I could hardly pry them loose, And while I was busy rounding up the stragglers, they had already planned how they would sample all the strange and exciting sea food they saw so temptingly displayed. It was against my better judgment, but the students finally prevailed, and we all went back to our hotel rooms with fresh crabs, prawns, scallops, potato salad and pickles hidden under our coats, and had a fish feed sitting around on the floor. I don't know what the management thought of their waste paper baskets full of odd smelling garbage, but we left the rooms in apple pie order otherwise. I'll have to admit it was quite a lark.

TEEN-AGERS are a light-hearted bunch and somehow you don't expect them to be as sympathetic and understanding as they are. Last spring I was in the hospital, and did I get attention! A bouquet came from the Senior class, for whom I was adviser, a lovely plant from the quartet of boys for whom I had found some music to start them on their barbershop harmony career. My room was lively with young visitors after school and evenings.

• I have been Senior class adviser almost every year. Sure, it's work to chaperon students' parties and picnics and to help them decorate for their big dances, but it has its light side too. There was the eve-

ning several years ago when we were decorating for the Senior ball and things weren't going so well. ♣ Every night the new, handsome, unmarried coach, who didn't have too much else to do with his time, came down to watch for a while. The minute he walked into the room all the girls automatically slipped off their stepladders and dropped their staplers and started fluttering. The pay-off came the night when some of the boys came over to me in a body and suggested that I take the coach down to one of the drive-ins for some coffee. "Maybe we can get something done if you'll take care of him," they added bitterly.

♣ I don't pretend to fill Dorothy Dix's shoes but I've spent many hours trying to get dates to the Senior ball for Senior girls, especially ones who have been good enough sports to work at making the dance successful. And I remember one popular Junior girl who wanted above all to have a date with a certain Senior boy. According to him, he was a woman-hater, and, though I tried all my psychology on him, he refused to go to the dance at all. The following fall when he pledged a fraternity (this is a university town) the boys told him it was obligatory for him to get a date to the pledge dance. Backed into a corner, he remembered that I had said this Junior liked him pretty well, so he called her. That was five years ago,

and I just received an announcement in the mail that they were the proud parents of a baby boy.

♣

ONE FALL I had a boy come in my class who had the reputation of a trouble maker. He was difficult to talk to but he seemed intelligent and able. Then through a resignation the job of co-editor of the annual was left open. Acting on a hunch, I offered it to him.

♣ That spring there was a serious illness in my family and I had to be out of town a great deal. Resigning myself to the fact that the year-book would have to be late, I turned over most of the material to this boy and left. Two weeks later when I returned to school, he had the annual practically ready for press. He had made an agreement with the principal to cut two different classes, time which he agreed to make up later, and spent most of his day in the journalism room. He didn't expect any extra credit and shrugged off the thanks I tried to express for his unusually fine job. But there was a lot of satisfaction there; to him, because he knew he had accomplished something; to me, when different teachers came to me and told me how much he had changed during the year.

♣ My daughter used to kid about "mother's little juvenile delinquent friends." It's an exaggeration to say that I even know any juvenile delinquents, for the cases she teased

me about were the kids who sassed teachers, played pranks, skipped school. But generally if a boy is ornery in school there is a reason, and sometimes if a teacher has a little patience and is a good listener, she can find out what the trouble is and straighten it out. Sometimes the answer is as simple as teaching a boy to dance; sometimes it is a little praise to stiffen a wilting ego; sometimes it is laying down the law.

I'LL NEVER FORGET the Senior class I took over in April after they had worn down three advisers. I was scared to death for both the dance and the sneak were coming up and there had been so much dissention all year that everybody expected trouble. Our school doesn't stand for drinking, so at a meeting of the class we talked it over frankly. I promised to go to bat and get special permission for them to have their picnic out of town—a privilege that had been denied for several years because of a former incident—but they would have to agree that both the picnic and the ball would be pure. Later I selected some of the ones who might have been expected to cause trouble and put them on the punch committee. It was so obvious that even they saw the humor of it.

One of the fellows said, "You've got the wrong ones to handle the punch if you don't want it spiked."

For two weeks before the dance

they talked about how they were going to spike the punch. I laughed along with them, at least outwardly, and answered that I intended to sample it every five minutes to check.

"You do and at the end of the dance we'll have to get help to carry you home," they threatened.

But I could have saved any worry, for the committee in charge of the punch delivered it in person the night of the dance, came over and took my arm with, "Now we've got it here we want to turn it over to you before someone else has a chance to get us in trouble."

So far as anyone has ever told me or I have been able to find out, there was no drinking at either the dance or the picnic.

High school kids take a lot for granted, and there are times when a teacher has every right to feel that he or she has a thankless job. It is my theory that it is hard for young people to voice appreciation, but it is there just the same.

SOMETIMES you find a boy or girl with such possibilities that you feel a little like a diamond cutter. A tall, good-looking boy was Senior class president one year. He was popular with the others, responsible and a hard worker, but he had problems. The class president traditionally gives a short talk at graduation. Early in the year I found out how much this young fellow dreaded the task. The

thought of getting up in front of hundreds of people made him toy with the idea of quitting school.

• To help his morale I told him about certain actors who said they were scared every time they went before an audience. I tried to convince him that ninety per cent of the people listening to him would be afraid if they had to get up and do what he had to do. After these pep talks I would say cheerily, "You're not so scared now, are you?" He would just look at me in his serious manner and say, "Yes."

• Graduation night I was worried about him. When it came time for him to perform he walked up to the dais with the same enthusiasm a man would have stepping up to the firing squad, but he gave a well-delivered address. It was better than anything I had heard him do in practice. Later his mother told me he didn't think he would ever be afraid to talk in public again.

By now it will probably be apparent to the most casual reader that I like to teach school. There are many older women prepared to teach who could avoid a lot of boredom if they went back to teaching and had some "juvenile delinquents" to take their minds off their other troubles. There are many young people starting to college who avoid the profession but if they realized what fun it is to work with young people, teaching wouldn't be in the depleted state it is now.

• I don't know why I am in a dither about the lack of teachers. If enough young people entered the teaching field so that there would again be normal competition, either I would lose my job or I would feel that I should step aside gracefully. And so long as I can keep my health and my sense of humor, I want to keep on teaching. I like it.

DISHONOR AMONG THIEVES

The phrase *double cross* was first used in connection with one of the notorious scoundrels in British history, Jonathan Wild, who was hung at Newgate in 1725. Wild acted as a police spy and a receiver of stolen goods. At his trial at the Old Bailey there was produced his "register of rogues" in which was written a list of all the thieves with whom he had done business. Opposite many names were two crosses. The first indicated that the thief had shared his loot with Wild, the second that Wild had afterwards betrayed him and had received the police reward for the capture and execution of the thief.

SEX behind the BAMBOO CURTAIN

by Ch'en Mei

RECENTLY a foreign correspondent was taken to witness a "Party wedding" in Peking. The car, an overhauled Cadillac, broke down just as they reached the Gate of Heavenly Peace and the correspondent and his guide continued the journey by pedicab.

When they arrived, the ceremony had started. All the correspondent could see were two men in blue "boiler" suits standing before a witness on a dais at the far end of a crowded hall.

"Where's the bride?" the correspondent asked his interpreter and guide.

"Up there," said the Chinese. "On the right."

"Is that a woman?"

"In our democratic society," the official guide curtly replied, "there is no distinction between the sexes."

What the Red interpreter said was true indeed. For during the last six years, Chinese women have been encouraged not only to look

like men but to live like them. They've taken on men's jobs—working as street cleaners, street-car operators, train conductors and dispatchers, truck drivers, road builders, factory foremen, technicians, scientists, engineers, judges, administrators, soldiers and parachutists. With their short bobs, Moscow-inspired drabby-blue cotton uniforms, and occasionally a pigtail or two tucked under an army cap, it is almost impossible to distinguish the Eves from Adams.

But the uniform itself was only an outward manifestation of the new status of the Chinese woman. With the passing of the New Marriage Law by the Red regime, Eves were emancipated. Chinese women, for the first time in their lives, were given a freedom which their mothers and grandmothers had never had before.

"The New Democratic Marriage," according to the Marriage Law, "is based on the free choice

of partners." It abolishes "bigamy, concubinage, prostitution and the feudal custom of arranged marriages." It makes divorce easy, gives widows the freedom of remarriage, and promotes economical "equality" of women. This new law had such a liberating effect that, at the heels of liberation, a wave of divorce began to sweep across the land.

ACCORDING to the Communists' own data, divorce cases in the four provinces of Pingyuan, Hopei, Chahar and Shansi in North China in the second half of 1949 accounted for nearly 60 percent of all the lawsuits. During a ten-month period in Hsinshien—a village 200 miles outside Peking—marriage disputes made up 99 percent of all civil suits in that rural district. In a small town in Kiangsu Province 931, "feudal marriages" had been dissolved in just one year of Red rule.

But when the Marriage Law came into effect in May 1950, divorces became even more sensational. Chinese women who had long tolerated their husbands now one by one sued for divorce. Between May and August, divorce suits in 15 cities more than doubled that of the previous quarter. In some areas divorce cases took up 90 percent of the law courts' time.

The *People's Daily*—official organ of the Chinese Communist

Party—reported 186,000 divorces in 1950, 409,000 in 1951, and the rate almost doubled in 1952. The fair sex, with their new-gained economic independence, no longer allowed themselves to be pushed around. The old Chinese saying, "A wife married is like a horse bought," now worked in reverse. A mere argument, a quarrel, a few harsh words from the husband would send the wife running to the nearest divorce court. Remarriage quickly followed, only to be succeeded by another divorce.

In Peking, a rosy-cheeked young peasant woman was suing her husband for divorce on the ground that he had been seeing his ex-wife too often. When the husband was hauled to court, he hotly denied the charge, explaining that they both worked on the same labor team.

"He's a liar!" the wife protested in her piping voice. "There are hundreds of workmen on the project. My good-for-nothing husband got himself assigned to the team only because he wanted to dilly-dally with his old wife."

The court finally decided to transfer the husband to another construction team and the case was dismissed.

In Canton, a 19-year-old bride sued her equally young husband for divorce because: 1) he did not give her enough spending money; 2) while she was in the hospital he did not visit her often enough;

3) she simply could not get along with him.

THE BASIC grounds of divorce are "proof" that one party has been "reactionary," "counterrevolutionary" and backward in thinking. This kind of "proof" can be supplied as quickly and easily as the drop of a hat. Aside from the political grounds, the majority of divorce cases concerned mother-in-law disputes, money matters, mistreatment by husbands, but seldom adultery.

Adultery in Red China is a punishable offense and an errant husband could be jailed. A man cannot divorce his pregnant wife until the baby is a year old, but an expectant mother is allowed to do so by the provision of the Law.

To propagandize the benefits of the Marriage Law, a nationwide campaign was launched in 1953, and divorces skyrocketed. During the height of the divorce craze, people in the China mainland began to call the Marriage Law the "Divorce Law." Some middle-aged men who had once experienced the bliss of old-fashioned marriage shook their heads and sighed. The Law had clearly become a threat to society and was leading the family to ruin.

Toward the middle of the year, the Red regime, realizing the disastrous effect the campaign had produced, quietly dropped it. At one time, there was even talk of

imposing a small charge to filter off some of the divorce appeals. Now in most divorce cases, the court first tries to evoke a reconciliation and only when that fails is a divorce granted.

The Marriage Law—the first major law passed by the new regime—was aimed to promote "equality of the sexes" and free marriage for women. It was also the Reds attempt to woo the support of Chinese women and to make them give first loyalty to the Party. But during the first flush of victory, the Party cadres, in their zealous effort to popularize marriage reform, often without any good reasons, ordered husbands and wives to separate. Those who dared resist were jailed as "counterrevolutionaries" or turned over to the local militia for mob trial.

But some Chinese women were not as anxious for "equality" and marriage reform as their more progressive sisters, and the Party cadres began to abuse the Law by indulging in the scandalous sport of "bedroom-confessions." Investigation into family sex life became routine in these trials, and confessions were being extracted from the women by physical torture.

In Chungking, 40,000 people were forced to attend one such trial. But in China, where the tradition of sexual reserve is extremely strong, these public trials not only created distaste and terror, but resentment among the people.

THE LAW also provides a widow the right to remarry, yet frequently widows were forced into marriage against their wishes. In Hokshan, South China, a young woman, widow of a small landowner, was told by a Party official to marry her ex-overseer, now a member of the village government. The widow asked for time to think it over. Three days later, her body was found in a nearby river.

* Although the Marriage Law provides "free choice of partners," the control of marriage is strict. Boys and girls contemplating marriage must obtain permission from the Communist committees in the places where they are employed. These committees look into their personal histories, previous love entanglements, the probable effect of the marriage on them, on their work and on the general welfare of the community. Only then will permission be given.

* Among the Communists, a Party member must first be counselled as to the suitability of the marriage by the committee to which he or she belongs, especially on the ground of political understanding. In Tientsin, an up-coming Party member who insisted on marrying a Vassar graduate—daughter of an ex-banker—was promptly dropped from the Party because the girl was considered dangerously reactionary. But if the prospective partner lacks only political education

and is willing to undergo intensive Marxist training, the Party may counsel a marriage postponement. In Hankow, 31-year-old Hsieh asked for permission to marry a divorcee, whom he had met at a Party dance, and the committee immediately set to work. Weeks later, when the young woman was called to a meeting, she was told to "confess." Ignorant of what they wanted, the divorcee shamefully confessed that she had another lover. But this was not what the committee was interested in. It happened that the young woman had once attended an American missionary school in Wuchang and they had to make sure she was rid of her "imperialist" thinking. As a result, the impending marriage was ruined.

* "Love for love's sake" in Red China is considered reactionary and unprogressive. "In a capitalistic society," said one leading college professor, "love is often an over-emphasis on sex relationship with a total lack of common interests, political understanding and mutual endeavor in building a democratic society."

* "Husband and wife in the Communist camp are first comrades, then lovers," said an ex-Red propaganda officer now in Formosa. "Any excessive emotions or feelings are considered subversive, because then there's the danger of placing the individual above the State."

Since the State must always come first in all matters, personal love is almost non-existent in the life of a Party member. In many cases, separation of husband and wife has become the norm. Lin Pao, a correspondent for the New China News Agency, was married to a fellow Party member in Mukden. But his work took him away most of the time. During six years of marriage, he saw his wife a few times, each of short duration. Lin hoped that someday he would be able to settle down and raise a family. Meanwhile, the couple must live, work and die for the Party.

WITH the success of psychological control, the Party has proved that if the mind has been set right, love should affect neither a person's "work" nor "study." In Anshan, Manchuria, a 23-year-old steel worker, when interviewed by an American correspondent, confessed that she was much too busy working and studying "political theory" to have time for marriage.

In Shantung, a "labor heroine" from the textile industry asked to be released of marriage because she was spending too much time in the mill to speed production.

Of course, the popularity of divorce and a young girl's disinterest in marriage can easily be traced to the economic independence of women, but only a few years back, the Reds, in order to induce the

fair sex into the Communist camp, had offered marriage to every female between 15 and 50 who was loyal to the Party.

But some independent young women who joined the Party only for political ideology cared little for the Party-arranged marriages. There was 21-year-old Liang Yun, a journalism major from Yenching University, who shortly after her arrival at her new post in Kiangsi Province in 1950, was called to a small group meeting one day. There she was informed that all female comrades, whether they had formally been accepted by the Party or not, had the obligation to marry long-time Party members, and that they had already found her a husband.

Liang Yun was in love with a fellow student back in Peking, and she told them so.

"You must give him up," said the group leader, a puckered-face woman with a loud voice. "Marriage outside the Party is absolutely forbidden."

The next two weeks, Liang Yun was called to several meetings. The group leader spent hours with her, pleading, arguing and cajoling, but to no avail. Finally at a judgment meeting she was charged with being totally backward. The reasons: 1) she had come from the "propertied" class; 2) she was much too quiet during "discussion" periods, therefore she was afraid to expose her thoughts; 3) she bathed

much too often; 4) she had the "bourgeois" habit of wiping her bowl and chopsticks before each meal; 5) she picked out the rotten rice from her bowl instead of eating it; 6) she kept herself from male Party members and that proved she did not wish to learn from them. She was sent to a training camp to "reform through labor."

❧

AT THE END of six months, the girl was released. Outwardly, Liang Yun had changed. She no longer combed her hair or bathed. She no longer wiped her bowl and chopsticks, and she ceased to pick out rotten rice from her bowl. Her hands, once white and tender, were now red and swollen, and covered with calluses. But "reform through labor" failed to change her mind. When the question of marriage once again was brought up, she refused on the ground that she was politically backward, and therefore unworthy to be the wife of a Party member.

❧

But the Party went ahead with wedding plans, and Liang Yun, terrified, decided to escape. With borrowed funds, fake identification papers and a suit of civilian clothes, she managed to reach the railway station and boarded a train for Canton. Through the underground there, she was finally smuggled across the Kowloon-Hong Kong border and to freedom.

❧

Today, marriages among the Communists, though no longer dictated, must have the Party's blessing. Formal announcement of engagement, formal wedding and wedding feast, so important in the old days, have all been eliminated. To get married, ordinary citizens have only to walk to the People's Government of the subdistrict or village in which they reside, and register. For those who can afford the expense, a small reception is held after registration. But in keeping with austerity, most people have adopted the common practice of running a "wedding announcement" in the local newspaper.

❧ But if the man is a Party cadre who receives his lodging, board, clothes and other daily necessities free of charge, the wedding is arranged by the "study group" to which he belongs and the reception is paid for by the Government. A "Party-wedding" usually takes place in a public hall decorated with the Party flag, the five-star banner of the Chinese People's Republic, and a colossal portrait of Mao Tse-tung.

❧ The bride and groom, in their blue "boiler" suits, each wearing a boutonniere, enter amidst loud cheers and the massed singing of labor songs. A senior Party member opens the ceremony with a short speech. Then the pair, in turn, relate how they first met, how they became attracted to each other, how their love bloomed and

what they plan to do for their country. Guests are expected to ask questions.

The marriage oath follows, then the couple shake hands, or occasionally kiss.

AFTER a simple reception at which candies and watermelon seeds are served, the newlyweds march off to their Government-provided bridal chamber with the mass singing of the national anthem, "*Red Army Marches* . . ."

Honeymoon—a "bourgeois" luxury—is a thing of the past, and the newlyweds quickly settle down to their routines. But being married does not necessarily mean a couple will remain together. Job assignments often set them apart. Even when they're together, long hours of work, meetings, "discussion" and "study group" and volunteer duty occupy all their spare moments. The Party is determined that romantic love shall have little chance to flourish in the hearts of China's young people.

"The Looloo"

In his *Poker Stories*, published in 1896, John F. B. Lilliard may be credited with the first telling of the old Montana "looloo" yarn. An Easterner was playing poker in a Butte saloon in the 1870's when four aces turned up in his hand. He bet them high and everyone dropped out except one rugged miner, who raised the bet and re-raised until the stranger exposed his four aces saying, "I don't want to take all your money. Look, I have four aces."

The miner snorted his derision, "What's four aces?" he said. "I've got a looloo," and showed three assorted clubs and two diamonds. "Guess you don't know Montana poker law, huh?" He pointed to a sign over the bar which read *A Looloo Beats Four Aces*, and raked in the pot.

The game went on and finally the Easterner was delighted to pick up a hand with three clubs and two diamonds—a pat looloo. But when he started to bet them high the bartender craned his neck and hung out another sign.

When the miner finally called with two pairs the Easterner exultantly proclaimed, "Look at the bad news, my friend, I have a looloo."

The miner chortled, "Stranger, I never see such ignorance. Look at that sign." And the new sign over the bar read, *The Looloo Can Be Played But Once a Night*.

From the book, *Something for Nothing*, by Clyde Brion Davis, copyright 1955 by Clyde Brion Davis, published at \$3.75 by J. P. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., 1956.

Parking Meters are ILLEGAL

by

Aaron Norman

Two decades have passed since lawyer, newspaperman and inventor Carl Magee installed a dozen crude parking meters along an Oklahoma City sidestreet. Though Magee was optimistic about the future of his invention, he never dreamed of the widespread acceptance it finally attained.

Today, more than 1,500,000 meters line the thoroughfares in 3,000 communities throughout the nation. The colossal graft and corruption which marked the spread of these mechanical policemen has diminished in postwar years. But despite this fact, the parking meter—a huge public enterprise—is still sacking the nation's motorists!

Fact: These coin-hungry, curb-side contraptions, as employed in the vast majority of cities and towns, are illegal and unconstitutional!

Last year, well over \$100,000,000 in small change was stuffed into these diabolically infallible devices by the motoring public. Fines for

overtime parking reaped another \$20,000,000 for municipal coffers. Every citizen who uses an automobile should be vitally concerned with what becomes of this rich rake-off. For the nickels and dimes they plunk into the slot actually represent another form of taxation.

Fact: In far too many communities, parking-meter revenue is regarded as a grab-bag for any and all civic projects.

"More than 85 percent of meter income is gravy," reports David R. Levin, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads. "About ten percent is allotted to improving parking facilities and five percent to other purposes. The increasing need for parking accommodations is so large that any diversion of meter revenue is . . . against the public interest."

Between 1935 and 1940, on the heels of Magee's experiment, a storm of legal controversy swept across the country. The big question facing most state courts was

how meter profits should be spent. With few exceptions, it was decided that the parking meter is a regulatory device, not a money-making machine for cost-conscious public officials. Most courts ruled that the funds should be used to benefit the motorist who has to pay parking tribute.

Thus, when meters are introduced into a community, the protestations of drivers are usually quieted with a politician's pledge that they will be used to finance off-street parking areas. But authorities who have kept this promise are few and far between.

TAKE the city of Stockton, California, as an example. A Citizens Advisory Committee was recently formed in Stockton to protest the misuse of meter funds by local politicians. Outraged car-owners pointed out that the money was promised to parking projects long before it was allocated to the city's 10-year improvement program—which did *not* include parking improvements of any kind.

Levin optimistically declares: "If used properly and in the public interest, the parking meter may yet provide . . . the open-sesame for solution to the parking difficulties confronting most communities in the United States."

Apparently, the "public interest" is not a stumbling block to politicians when it comes to the free-spending of parking-meter rev-

enue. Of the cities which have installed meters, 57 percent use the receipts for general fund purposes. Only eight states—Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, New Hampshire, South Dakota and Wisconsin—authorize by law that meters be used to pay for off-street parking, or otherwise benefit the driver. But even in these states, the statutes are riddled with gaping loopholes.

City fathers in Danbury, Connecticut, for example, paid four-fifths of the police budget with meter funds. They also bettered their own chances for reelection by appropriating the flood of coins supplied by Danbury drivers to lower the general tax rate. This means the entire community benefited from the extra levy leveled against only one segment of the population—the motorists!

Similar goings-on are the rule, rather than a rarity, throughout the land. In Camden, Arkansas, motorists alone footed the bill for \$13,000 worth of fire and gravel trucks. Fort Myers, Florida, pays for the upkeep of its police and fire departments by digging into the pockets of local auto-owners. A half-dozen cities in Texas charge motorists to pay pensions of municipal employees. In thousands of communities, meters are being used to pay for the care of parks and public buildings, for the salaries of school teachers and others on the city payroll.

Why should the motorist be forced—under threat of a fine—to shell out more than his share for municipal expenses? Surprisingly few drivers seem to care. A recent survey by the Highway Research Board indicates that meter programs are supported by almost unanimous consent—96 percent. This blind acceptance has not always been the rule.

As more and more meters cropped up on curbstones, a loud howl of protest was heard from irate motorists. Aside from the constitutional questions involved, many newspapers were headlining large-scale scandal charges. It was a foregone conclusion that officials were accepting payoffs from meter manufacturers. Charges were publicly aired in such places as Louisville, Kentucky; Akron, Ohio; and Des Moines, Iowa—to name a few.

The exorbitant prices of meters, about \$58 apiece, also caused resentment among tax-payers. But the meter-makers blandly explained that the prices had to be high because of kickbacks paid to public officials. In order to get an installment contract in the late Thirties, it was standard procedure for manufacturers to outbid competing bribe offers.

FINALLY, in 1938, the corruption smelled so foul that the American Automobile Association vigorously demanded an investigation by Congress. To strengthen its

probe demands, the AAA obtained several eye-opening statements from anonymous manufacturers and distributors.

Admitted the president of one parking-meter plant: "The reason why the standard price of meters is so high is because our agents have virtually found it impossible to secure contracts unless they are willing to make payoffs, running into thousands of dollars, to politicians affiliated with city administrations. We are assured that a meter can be produced and marketed for less than \$20. If this is the case, why should the motorists of the country be loaded with this payoff differential?"

Other questions asked by the AAA have not to this day received satisfactory answers. A meter can operate as efficiently with a one-cent coin as it will with a nickel. If a penny more than covers cost and overhead, why is the motorist taxed five and even ten times as much?

This tendency to overcharge meter patrons has never diminished. Five cents an hour is still the standard rate in most localities, but prices are steadily climbing to a dime. Fines charged for overtime parking are also increasing. The steep rate of fines and the fact that violators must appear in court to plead their innocence have inspired a large proportion of over-parkers to take their chances as scofflaws and neglect summonses

altogether. Some city administrators are acutely aware of the money they are thus losing. New systems are being introduced to make collections easier.

In El Dorado, Kansas, the police officer makes out a parking ticket on a small envelope. If the fine is paid within 24 hours, it is 25 cents. After that, it costs a dollar. Special collection boxes are attached to meter posts on every block. The violator simply puts a quarter into the envelope and drops it into the box. When the same system was adopted in Norman, Oklahoma, the haul increased 135 percent.

Several other towns have begun to sugar-coat their fine-collecting systems. Pittsburg, Kansas, reports that twice as many fines were paid when reduced from one dollar to 50 cents. In Martinsburg, West Virginia, a sticker to be placed on windshields is sold for \$36 to serve as a pass at parking meters. If a sticker is on an auto, no money need be deposited in the slot. Perhaps the most intriguing system is employed in Red Oak, Iowa. Under this scheme, each violator is asked politely to contribute what his conscience directs.

Enterprising merchants in some places have turned the threat of a fine for overtime parking into a public relations opportunity. In Atlantic City, 250 shopkeepers checked meters in front of their shops, deposited nickels when necessary and left a note reading:

"Your time was up—the flag showed red. It was our privilege to save you a parking fine by putting a nickel in the meter."

VARIATIONS of this scheme are being used in several cities. In most places, however, authorities have called a quick halt to the practice, ruling that the deposit of an additional coin by merchants is illegal because it results in parking beyond the lawful time limit.

On the other hand, authorities in some areas are experimenting with a device which automatically moves the arrow back to zero when a driver leaves a space before his time has elapsed. Although the unused time is paid for, it is mechanically erased.

These devices, of course, increase the gross revenue appreciably, *since* they prevent another motorist from moving into a vacated spot and using the unfinished time without payment. Although this may seem like a trivial matter, it does raise questions which deserve profound answers. If a motorist inserts a nickel for an hour's parking, that space belongs to him for 60 minutes. If he moves out and someone else moves in, why should the police be concerned?

This was more than a hypothetical question to residents in Salt Lake City. When the time erasing devices were introduced there, hundreds of indignant car-owners claimed they were being cheated.

"If the city feels that someone else may get the space for free," complained one citizen, "then let it make a refund for the time unused by the original payee before trying to collect twice."

The protests reached a louder pitch when a big-wig in the Salt Lake City Police Department remarked that drivers who ride the other fellow's time are "chisellers." Those opposed to the device countered with outright accusations of collusion. "Somebody knows somebody who has the device for sale or lease," charged one bitter foe.

Less outspoken, but every bit as determined in the battle against the time-crasing attachment, a citizen's group proved that it would cost more to install and maintain than the extra revenue would provide. The public-be-damned attitude of the Salt Lake City Hall was finally upset by a tidal wave of public criticism. Townsfolk in at least a dozen other communities—Denver, for example—have also wrestled with devices that wipe off unused time.

Still another legal question is involved in the sale of advertising on meter posts. At last count, 55 communities in 23 states were permitting advertisements to be placed on meters. The largest of these places is Phoenix, Arizona. Three such cities—Decatur, Illinois; Paducah, Kentucky; and Lowell, Massachusetts—are in the 50,000-100,000 population group. All the

others are relatively small. These places rake in an extra 33 percent over and above the regular meter haul every year. Unquestionably, advertising has provided a lucrative source of additional income for these towns. But there is also a dark shadow cast on the legality of parking-meter advertising.

THERE have been plenty of court battles which show that politicians have no right to sell advertising space on meters. The erection of structures in city streets for advertising purposes have been held to be beyond the power of a municipality to authorize. In a typical case in Hutchinson, Kansas, city office-holders were denied permission to use the taxpayers' money to support billboard signs. City Attorneys in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston, Columbus, and many other cities, have likewise ruled that the placement of ads on parking meters is unlawful.

Philadelphia recently awarded a franchise to authorize advertising on 10,000 meters. Difficulties soon arose: both Federal and State authorities informed the city that it cannot profit from advertising on streets built with the aid of Federal or State funds. Merchants made matters worse for the pro-advertising politicians when they belly-ached that meters in front of their shops were promoting the products of competitors. A suit was soon filed by taxpayers to halt meter

advertising on the grounds that the funds were being used to benefit the many at the expense of a few. This is the crux of the argument against the meter itself.

The motorist who is fed up with paying more than his share for his civil government is not helpless to do something about it. When an outraged car-owner in Ottawa, Kansas, demanded his rights, the city commissioners were forced to place the town's meter revenue into a special fund for street improvements and parking accommodations. Before the plucky motorist spoke out, the money was being used to reduce the local tax rate.

The case resulted from a one-dollar ticket for overparking. The man steadfastly refused to fork over his dollar, basing his defense on the manner in which meter funds were being spent. Smarting under the wide publicity the test case received, the authorities finally backed down, dropped charges against the crusading motorist and set up the fund. Because of this driver's courage, auto-owners in Ottawa are now receiving value for the mountain of coins they deposit in the town's meters.

IF used properly, the parking meter can put an end to the piecemeal parking pallatives that are being employed throughout the nation today. Serving as a model

for other communities is Chicago, which has the largest installation in the world. The meter-take in the Windy City has been used to construct parking lots, garages, and for the establishment of more metered zones. Two multi-level garages and three lots in the downtown shopping district have already been put into service. Eleven more modern facilities are in progress.

In direct contrast, New York has lagged far behind Chicago. Total revenue from parking meters in 1954 was nearly \$4,500,000—yet there is only one municipal parking lot, located in an outlying district of the city. This is the plight of the large majority of cities and towns in the U. S. The motorist—already plagued by excessive taxes on gasoline and toll roads—continues to pay through the nose toward the support of the entire community.

As Detroit turns out record numbers of autos, the parking situation can only get tighter. As David Levin states, the parking meter may provide the open-sesame for the solution to this aggravating problem. But that day will come only when enough motorists get up enough gumption to demand their lawful rights, and when public authorities develop the necessary courage and moral honesty to stop milking the overburdened motorist-taxpayer.

Our Reserve Airmen Need Help

by

Dale Richardson, Sr.

AIR FORCE officers who entered the service during 1939-1943 represent the majority of today's corps of combat-tested, experienced airmen. They also form the greater part of our Reserve officers on active duty who will be eligible to retire in 1960-1963. The term "Reserve Officer" does not refer to the legion of civilians who hold Reserve commissions. It refers to officers presently on active duty who are not members of the Regular officers corps.

The dangers inherent in a mass exodus of such officers are very real, for it is apparent that the Cold War must be reckoned with in terms of decades rather than years. Our country must maintain a high state of military preparedness for the foreseeable future. We must be certain that we have thoroughly experienced men on active duty at the time when they may be needed most.

The dollar cost of replacing these Reserve officers is fantastic. For example, the Air Force estimates that it costs approximately \$120,000

to train *one* jet pilot to the point where he's able to pull his own weight.

The reasons why these officers are dissatisfied and will probably leave service at the end of 20 years instead of 30, goes back to the early postwar years when Congress was acceding to demands to "bring the boys home." Congress also was interested in lightening the financial burden operating the most powerful military machine in history. Consequently, it discharged millions of soldiers, sailors and airmen, and thousands upon thousands of officers.

Of the officers it retained, comparatively few were taken into the Regulars, many into the Reserves. Selection Boards had a harrowing time of it deciding which went where. Officers with a better-than-average war record felt they had an edge over mediocre applicants. The attitude of board members soon made it apparent that this was not necessarily so. Many officers got the feeling that their chances of going into the Regulars

would have been better had they been members of the group who had chosen civilian status instead of the service.

Today, in the Air Force, there are more than 135,000 Regular and Reserve officers. Seventeen of every 100 are Regulars. This means that practically all ranking majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels of some 108,000 Reserve officers will be eligible to retire beginning in 1960.

The problem that worries the Pentagon is this: How can we remove the stigma of discontent from the Reserve officers' corps and make conditions attractive enough to hold them for 30 years instead of 20? An answer is needed, for the current picture is far from bright.

The consensus expressed by Reserve officers is: "The way things have been going, I don't expect to remain in the Service one day after I'm eligible to retire." This phrase is representative; it correctly mirrors the attitude of the bulk of Reserve officers. Why? It's a simple story of cause and effect.

ALONG with the ill feeling engendered by the unfathomable reasons which marked the 1946-47 integrations, are many continuing irritations peculiar to Service life, such as the constant whittling away of "fringe benefits," a thorny issue that has caused constant wrangling among Department of Defense of-

ficials and legislators during the past decade. One by one, targets such as medical care for dependents, post exchanges, and commissaries have been under heavy fire.

These benefits, as traditional as the Services themselves, are intended as a sort of token compensation to bridge the gap between civilian and Service pay. But merchants in the vicinity of Army posts and Air Force bases are not satisfied with the millions a year that are poured into their coffers by servicemen. They bitterly resent the fact that service people spend *some* of their money in post exchanges and commissaries, and they have formed powerful pressure groups to try and get them abolished. In other words, these merchants want the "whole hog" of the servicemen's dollar. People in the Service regard the chipping away at these fringe benefits as tantamount to an attack on the whole conception of military life.

The Department of Defense is fighting to make Service life as attractive as possible for its people and their dependents by trying to provide decent housing and proper medical care, and to create an atmosphere that will make a Service career more desirable. But it is uphill, frustrating work to convince Congress that the country's servicemen are entitled to an equitable share of the country's high living standard.

Congress' attitude reflects that of

a big segment of the American people who view the military with deep suspicion when this country is not engaged in war. Even in this era of uneasy peace, our servicemen are vaguely looked down upon as some species of second-class citizen who does not quite fit into the pattern of the great American free-enterprise system. But when the war drums roll, these same servicemen have the mantle of heroes thrust upon them.

the budget, was forced to order a reduction in force, in spite of the fact that the Communist bear was clearly etched on the horizon for all to see. But many couldn't determine the shape of the figure. Apparently Congress thought it was a lamb, for they heartily voted for a sizable reduction in our Armed Forces' budget. The resultant cut hit the Reserve ranks with stunning impact.

Approximately 7,000 Reserve of-

A recent interview with General Curtis LeMay, commander of the Strategic Air Command, by Bob Considine of the International News Service, enhances the tremendous importance of having skilled, capable professionals to man our military machine *now* and for the foreseeable future.

"Our mission is to be ready to retaliate immediately—this minute—if the enemy hits us," LeMay said. "That means we've got to have the best available hardware on hand, not in 1960 or 1965 but now, and next year and next and next. We've got to have the hardware in such numbers, strength and efficiency that nobody will strike us.

"The only way to stop the low re-enlistment figures is to pay our people—establish careers in the Service comparable to careers outside. The commander of one of my ships—which might cost six or seven million dollars—makes from \$500 to \$700 a month. A commercial airline pilot makes from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year . . . which is more than I make!"

There is no doubt that discontent and insecurity permeate their ranks. Not only do they contend with many irritating factors, but their very jobs are in jeopardy from year to year, depending on the whims of Congress to cut, maintain or increase the size of our military establishment.

In 1948-1949, the Department of Defense, under pressure of cuts in

ficers in the Air Force alone were politely told that their services were no longer required by our Government. That blow was bad enough, but there was more to come. In 1953, the Reserve ranks were again rocked—this time with about a 6,000-man reduction. Multiply this by about three, for the Army and the Navy also suffered similar cuts. The 1947-1948, and

1953 periods were in addition to personnel separated under the continuing program designed to maintain a high-caliber officer corps.

THE methods used in these demoralizing reductions left much to be desired. The *modus operandi* was shrouded in mystery, and no one could logically explain just how it was determined whether or not an officer should be retained. After each reduction, it appeared that many apparently submarginal officers were still doing business at the same old stand, while many who were highly regarded by their associates were among the missing.

What was the result of these illogical reductions? Inevitably, it fostered insecurity in the ranks of those who survived. Thoughts of wasted careers, insecure futures and financial uncertainty produced mental disturbances. Above all was the biting, insistent self-reproach: "Why the hell didn't I get out of the Service after the war, and *stay out*?"

Caution became the survivor's order of the day. Projects and directives were studied and held up to a degree that made it apparent that individual initiative was being stifled. The idea was not to disturb the *status quo* and to avoid making any recommendation or decision that perchance would backfire later.

It wasn't that these men weren't trying to give their best; rather, it

was a case of the law of self-preservation running its inevitable course. The vast majority of Reserve officers have heavy responsibilities that seriously limit their freedom of action. Service pay is not high by civilian standards, and the officer who can attain a respectable amount of financial security is rare indeed.

When a Reserve officer who isn't eligible to retire is unwillingly separated from the Service, *he receives no cash settlement, as do the officers who hold Regular commissions*. Upon separation, Regulars are still given a whopping chunk of cash which can amount up to two years' basic salary—and ranges from five to ten thousand dollars.

Adding insult to injury, those who were ousted suffered deep personal humiliation. Few ranks were spared: reservists up to and including the rank of colonel were affected. "All along we were considered worthy of holding commissions—especially when the shooting was going on . . ." bitterly lamented one colonel. "And then they had the audacity to offer me the enlisted rank of buck sergeant, while other officers of lower rank were offered higher sergeant ratings. If that isn't breaking faith, then I don't know what the term means!"

The outbreak of the Korean War added more fuel to the fire of Reserve discontent. Many officers who had been sacked in 1948 and 1949

were recalled to active duty. The joker was this: Many of these men came back to active duty with a grade higher than they had held at the time when they were cut!

The lack of *real* stability and the absence of motivating incentives have created a dangerous situation in the Active Reserve ranks of the Armed Forces as a whole. It clearly reflects a lack of vision of those who are responsible for the mold of the military establishment.

CONGRESS blows hot and cold on the vital issue of a stabilized Armed Forces. Comes along a Korea and Congress blithely votes additional billions to beef up our defenses. After the letdown, when the shooting threat has subsided, it just as cheerfully cuts the strength of the Services. To keep and attract the right men to do the job, it is absolutely necessary that the Services offer career security.

The military might of the United States must be sustained at any cost, or our foreign policy will be impossible to implement. Today, as never before in our history, is the time to heed the sage counsel of hard-hitting Teddy Roosevelt on

the conduct of foreign affairs: "Speak softly, but carry a big stick." The only language the Communists understand is the naked, elemental one of sheer power. Any known weak link of the chain of our military capabilities could inevitably result in our being clobbered by the Communist colossus.

An "Augmentation Bill," sent to Capitol Hill by the Department of Defense, was given final Congressional approval on July 13 by the House of Representatives. The main provisions opened Regular commissions to thousands of Reserve officers. Passage of this bill is a stride in the right direction toward increased Service efficiency, higher morale, and a better state of national defense. It eliminates some of the difficulties that have plagued Reserve officers since the end of World War II. It also narrows the present disproportionate gap between Regular and Reserve officers, and creates a more balanced equity within the whole officer corps. And, to emphasize the meat of the measure, it provides new incentives and more cogent, intelligent reasons for a man to devote his life to a Service career.

A Nautical Correction

For readers who found a contradiction in the position of the lost continent of Atlantis ("Did He Find Atlantis?" by Lawrence D. Hills, August 1956 *American Mercury*), the position of Captain Robson's discovery should have read 25 degrees North, 23 degrees and 40 minutes West. Further research by British writer Hills after the *Mercury* went to press revealed an error in the Odeholt Reporter's figures.

by George Castel

From the beginning of time, man had recognized the need for a surplus of food in anticipation of a poor harvest. Foods had been dried and salted as ancient records indicate. But, through the centuries, man had never been able to preserve fresh food from destructive bacteria.

➤ Wars had been lost and ships on the high seas had returned with terrifying tales of scurvy—all because of a lack of fresh food.

The year 1795 not only found France recovering from a great revolutionary war but also at war with several European nations. At the same time she was preparing for new campaigns under the direction of a young Corsican named Napoleon Bonaparte.

➤ The government of France was deeply concerned with the tremendous toll of lives that were taken by dietary disease. The French Navy was suffering from scurvy and the army, which was now faced with even greater responsibilities, found thousands of its troops dying from diseases caused by malnutrition.

➤ Consequently, in 1795, the gov-

A HOUSEWIFE in Los Angeles picks up a can of peas in a supermarket for dinner that evening. In Atlanta another housewife purchases a can of pineapple for use the following month. A soldier on the battlefield opens a can of rations packed the previous year. And on a destroyer off the Chinese Coast, the crew sit down to a dessert of canned peaches picked many months ago.

➤ In every corner of the world men, women and children can eat fruits, vegetables and all the other foods of the vast world harvest whenever they desire because of the painstaking, diligent work of an obscure Frenchman named Nicholas Appert.

erning body of France, the Directorate, offered a prize of 12,000 francs to the person who could find a way to preserve fresh food.

- Of the many Frenchmen who took up the challenge was a man who had worked with food all his life. Nicholas Appert, a confectioner, was born at Chalons-sur-Marne in 1752. For many years he had taught himself and was experienced in the handling of foods. He was a diligent, methodical worker.
- At that time, there was little if any knowledge of sterilization—Louis Pasteur was not to arrive on the scene for almost 50 years. So, Appert had to learn by slow experimentation.

APPERT'S laboratory and equipment were crude and hand-made and consisted of several compartments where the food was heated, the container prepared and the final boiling and cooling completed. Yet the method by which Appert moved the food from one compartment to another indicated brilliant signs of simplicity and efficiency.

- Wide mouth glass jars designed and built especially for Appert were used in the experiments. To seal these jars, Appert designed special tops of cork.
- So Appert became the first man successfully to seal food hermetically in a container utilizing heat to destroy the damaging bacteria that for so long had escaped man.

During the 14 years that Appert experimented with this new innovation he successfully prepared pot-au-feu, consommé, bouillon, fillet of beef, fresh eggs, milk, cream, vegetables, fruits and syrups for preservation. Each of the methods used was described in detail in the book that he later wrote which became the guide for both commercial and home preserving.

- In 1804, many of Appert's samples were taken to Brest and after three months on the road remained in excellent condition. For further proof of his experimentation, his food was taken by ships far below the equator and subjected to all the elements and extreme temperatures. And in 1824 he proved that food would be fresh after one year at sea and was awarded 2,000 francs.

By 1809, all of France was becoming aware of Appert's work. One of the newspapers of the day stated: "Appert has discovered the art of fixing the seasons." X

- In 1809, Appert was awarded the 12,000 francs that had been offered 14 years previously and his book "The Book For All Households or the Art of Preserving Animal and Vegetable Substances For Many Years" was published the following year.

- With the 12,000 francs, Appert bought land and began the first commercial processing of food. And until his death in 1841, he took an active interest in his com-

pany and in the industry and was awarded many prizes. After his death, his nephew carried on the famous House of Appert.

From the day Appert's first book was published men began devising better and more improved methods of food preservation. The tin can was finally perfected after many unsuccessful attempts.

A MODERN cannery today with huge pressure cookers would be a far cry from the small, crude laboratory of Nicolas Appert. Yet, while our methods today are faster, safer and more economical, Appert's system is still in existence.

So it was extremely fitting on October 21, 1952, just 200 years after the birth of this great benefactor, that a group of high officials representing the United States Government, the American container industry, the National Canners Association and the French Government assembled at the headquarters of the National Canners Association in Washington, D. C., to pay tribute to Nicolas Appert.

The highlight of this ceremony was the presentation of a scroll honoring the genius of Appert as a benefactor of humanity. The scroll was presented to Minister Plenipotentiary Gontran de Juniac of the French Government. It was later transported to France and presented to the Mayor of Massy, a small village near Paris where

Appert spent his long and useful life.

As Mr. Fred C. Heinz, president of the National Canners Association, stated at the presentation: "Today, the result of Apperts' genius touches every human being in the world.

"Canned foods have become a historical force. They travel with the armies. They feed the explorer, the missionary, the sailor, and everyone else whose work takes him far from his natural sources of food. Thus was authority and control over the products of the seasons given over to man."

So it can be truly said that a reward and 14 years of hard work solved a problem that had escaped mankind for thousands of years. A discovery that changed the course of our lives and was the beginning of an industry which today produces over 20 billion cans and jars annually in the United States alone. An industry that reaches into every home in the country and provides employment and security for more than a half-million Americans. An industry that not only affects every American, but touches every human being in the world.

Success had not come easily to the obscure French confectioner. Only through diligent, dedicated work had he succeeded in making all foods available at all times and giving mankind one of its greatest gifts.

The Great Estate Swindle

by Karl Baarslag



SINGEING the beard of the King of Spain," as Drake quaintly termed his freebooting forays against Spain's treasure ships, undoubtedly netted the famous 16th Century navigator a tidy fortune.

However, could Drake have been present in a Sioux City courtroom some years ago he would have been flabbergasted by the prosecution's charges. The government charged that a modern 20th Century American buccaneer, sitting in the safety and comfort of a sumptuous London apartment, had managed to amass a far greater fortune through chicanery than Drake had ever dreamed of plundering from gold-laden galleons of Spain.

Oscar M. Hartzell, described by a post office inspector as "heavy-fowled, florid, shifty-eyed, crude, vain, hot-tempered and ignorant," was a former Iowa farmer and

deputy sheriff who had discovered a modern road to riches far easier, and quicker than Drake's privateering against Spain! He had merely to assert that there was a defect in Drake's will and something irregular in the settlement of his estate 340 years ago. As "come on" the estate was rumored to be worth billions. The sole rightful heir had been located and only sufficient money was needed to press a vigorous suit to compel the British government to make a just settlement. All contributors were to share pro rata in the golden distribution of Drake's billions.

That was enough to start a ten-year stream of dollars flowing across the Atlantic to London. The manager of the American Express office in London later testified that the American swindler had received close to three-quarters of a

million dollars through his office in about nine years.

Hartzell's overhead against an annual income of a hundred thousand dollars was trifling. His total expenditures apparently consisted **only** of such letters and cables as he dispatched to his large force of agents and collectors in America. He gave them encouraging news on the progress he was making in forcing a settlement or soundly abused those whose contributions fell off even a little.

• He never bothered to keep any records. Salesmen-collectors worked on a commission basis and were told to issue their own receipts and to keep their own records. On that day when Oscar M. Hartzell brought Drake's \$22,000,000,000 to the United States all contributions would be amply covered a thousand times—there would be plenty of money for everybody. Minimum returns promised were 500 per cent interest while some donators were assured they would receive a thousand to as much as five thousand dollars for every dollar invested in the noble project of righting a 340-year-old injustice.

• **T**HE LEGEND that Sir Francis Drake's sizeable estate had been improperly probated seems to be deeply rooted in English folklore. Willy 19th Century swindlers gilded the legend with a bit of alleged royal scandal by whispering that Virgin Queen Bess had borne

Drake an illegitimate son and that this child had been placed in an institution to hide his paternity. Genealogists had traced down this boy's descendants to modern times despite every effort of the British government to cover up the 16th Century royal scandal.

• Oddly enough, despite some 16 intervening generations the mythical son of Elizabeth and Drake had only one living descendant today. Stranger still was the fact that this sole British heir to an estate reputed to be worth \$22 billion instead of placing his case in the hands of some leading firm of British barristers, had for some inexplicable reason assigned his entire interest in this stupendous estate to an unknown Iowa deputy sheriff devoid of any legal background, not even a British subject and but recently arrived in London.

• Oscar M. Hartzell is said to have learned about the old swindle when his mother was defrauded by it around 1917. P. O. Inspection Service files claim that Hartzell became a Drake estate promoter as far back as 1919 when he and two others founded the "Sir Francis Drake Association." It was claimed that a Missourian named Ernest Drake was the sole rightful heir to the vast estate.

• For many years Drake estate swindlers had limited their prospective clients to those bearing that name or those who could trace a Drake somewhere in their family

tree. Hartzell had an inspiration. Why limit the sucker field of prospective heirs to Drakes alone? Why not take in anyone with money on a sort of joint stock basis? In a gigantic hoax and swindle of this sort why strain at the trifling objection of illegality of admitting as "rightful heirs" people who could not trace the remotest connection to anyone named Drake? Call them "donators" and let it go at that!

• Shortly after his arrival in London about 1921, Hartzell claimed that he learned that his two associates were "crooks" and the partnership was broken. The former Iowa deputy sheriff now became a researcher in British genealogy and his studies soon revealed that the Missouri Drake was not the true heir after all—Hartzell located the real heir right in England.

THIS sole living heir, never identified by Hartzell, graciously and apparently without a murmur assigned all his rights in the fabulous estate of Sir Francis Drake to the former Iowa farm boy. Hartzell at first was loath to set an exact figure for the value of the estate, but he later wrote one of his dupes.

As you know I have never said very much about the amount for to be perfectly candid with you I don't think any of the people in America capable of grasping the magnitude of the whole affair. The way they

have all done and treated me, they have made a very bad enemy of me, now I am going to give you a shock about the amount. Figure up all the land in the state of Iowa of an average of \$125 an acre, and all the bank stock, and all bank deposits in Iowa, and railroads and cities combined. I could buy the whole lot and put a fence around the whole state and then have more money left than you ever thought of.

In 1927 Hartzell cabled one of his agents: "Settlement delayed for a month. Estate will be handed over with as much speed as His Majesty can conveniently allow. Waiting for the King to put his golden seal on the papers." Later a piddling bookkeeper's error of \$1,200,000 in Hartzell's favor, discovered at the last moment by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, caused a further delay in the settlement. Restless and querying donators were sternly rebuked and warned to maintain "silence, secrecy, and non-disturbance." When the steady flow of contributions slackened ever so little, Hartzell promptly dunned his collectors and threatened them with a dreaded "red-inking" unless the "disgraceful shortages are immediately made up."

• The 1929 stock market crash was naturally blamed on a leak that the Drake estate was about to be settled. According to Hartzell, his relentless pressure on the British

government for a settlement was the real cause of Great Britain going off the gold standard. Fifty thousand contributors were kept in a perpetual stew of excitement by promises or hints of an early settlement.

❖ Every conceivable news item capable of being twisted or misinterpreted as having some bearing on the "deal" was used by Hartzell or his agents as morale boosters. A presidential fishing trip to the Bahamas was really a "secret meeting with British financial figures." President Roosevelt's inaugural address was misquoted and twisted to make it appear he opposed settlement.

❖ Exasperating postponements and endless delays in the settlement merely whetted the gold hunger of Hartzell's dupes. Farmers unable to pay their taxes, mortgage interests, or debts, borrowed more money or sold their last head of stock to put their last dollars on the "deal" in a desperate hope of finally paying off all their debts with Drake's gold.

❖ One Iowa contributor cheerfully testified that even after Hartzell's second conviction, he had "told all the boys I was going home and load a car of corn and draw money on it. Then I'd take the long greenbacks and put them on our deal."

❖ A reputed member of the Chicago Board of Trade, born in England, testified that he felt Hartzell's scheme must have been legitimate,

otherwise Scotland Yard would never have permitted him to operate in England for so many years. He had backed up his faith in Hartzell—and Scotland Yard—with \$21,000.

❖ Thousands of others cashed their life insurance policies or mortgaged everything they owned to put every dollar they could raise into this century's most fantastic and glittering will-o'-the-wisp.

❖ **T**HE golden bubble finally burst when Hartzell was deported from England to the land of his birth to face postal fraud charges. Post Office fraud orders issued against his various agents had had no effect whatever. New agents and solicitors eagerly took up where old ones left off when they signed stipulations agreeing to abandon the racket.

❖ Hartzell, safe in his Basil Street apartment in far-away London, kept the cables busy urging his minions to ignore and resist the federal agents. He cabled:

If you expect Oscar Hartzell to respect you in the end, respect him now when he needs your assistance. Stand your ground—fight for your rights, do not believe the lying newspapers . . . I will force the highest powers that be over there to furnish everyone that has crossed my path with free board and lodging.

To his brother in New York, Hartzell wrote:

I have the chain around the neck of every official on your side from the highest to the lowest that has crossed my path in this matter. Remember that the disturbance that the American people have made me has caused delay and a big loss to me. Parliament has nothing to do with the date. I expect and must have \$2,500 each week until I notify you of the finish. Please make up last week's shortage immediately.

THE Attorney General of Iowa who had the temerity to denounce Hartzell's racket in a statewide warning was virtually swamped under a tidal wave of abusive and protesting letters from angry contributors who accused him of being in secret league with the sinister forces seeking to "block the deal."

Postal inspectors, noted for their meticulously prepared airtight cases, sprang several bad surprises on Hartzell's defense lawyers. One inspector had spent some time browsing through old records in Somerset House, London, repository of old English historical records. He turned up a yellowed parchment in almost forgotten court Latin of the 16th century which proved beyond cavil that Sir Francis Drake's will had been probated properly. The British Museum yielded old Peruvian Inquisition records translated from the Spanish over 100 years ago by the British Ambassador at Madrid. The Inquisition at

Lima had questioned a young nephew of Sir Francis Drake and developed the point that the famous sea-rover and explorer never had any children.

An even more damaging blow to Hartzell's defense was a document from the 16th century Ecclesiastical Court which had heard a suit brought by Drake's widow against his brother, Thomas, over certain items of property left by Drake. The court had found that both Drake wills, one drawn up when he left England on his last cruise in the fall of 1595 and the other the night of his death from a "fluxe" aboard the *Defiance* off *Nombre de Dios* on the Spanish Main, January 28, 1596, were valid. The court rendered judgment in favor of brother Thomas. Drake made no mention in either document of any children, but he did remember some nephews in his testament. The introduction of these ancient wills in court Latin which had to be translated by an expert from the Library of Congress produced a sensation in the courtroom and just about knocked away the last shaky props of Hartzell's defense.

Disconcerting, however, to the postal inspectors and prosecution was the extreme reluctance of any great number of victims to testify against Hartzell and his crew of swindlers. The overwhelming majority apparently still clung with stubborn and blind faith to the

golden deal and either blandly denied they had ever contributed or knew anything about the racket despite the presence of their names on seized sucker lists. Or else, they flatly told government investigators to mind their own business. They were free and independent Americans and did with their money as they pleased. Hartzell's often repeated threat of "red-inking" any and all malcontents and doubters also seemed to hang over the heads of some timorous contributors with all the lip-sealing effectiveness of a last warning from the Sicilian Mafia.

NEVERTHELESS, Hartzell was found guilty of using the mails in a scheme to defraud and was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. His heavy bond was instantly raised by enthusiastic and loyal dupes and he managed to stay out on appeals for almost two years before he finally entered Leavenworth. The imprisonment of the general manager and chief architect of one of America's greatest swindles had little or no dampening effect whatever on this bizarre swindle. Collectors and solicitors went back to work with renewed enthusiasm, their burning fanaticism stoked by the big chief's "martyrdom."

The conviction proved Hartzell's contention that he was being railroaded to prison by the U. S. Government in league with the money

powers of Great Britain in order to prevent final settlement of the "deal." Within a year after Hartzell's first conviction, old and new Drake estate suckers had contributed another \$350,000 as well as an additional \$78,000 for a special defense fund for Hartzell.

Discouraged postal inspectors began all over again painstakingly gathering evidence against the numerous tribe of small fry collectors. Most of these were rounded up and indicted in 1935 but some who escaped the dragnet brazenly continued to tour the Middle West preaching the gospel of Sir Francis Drake's estate.

The golden lure of Drake's billions simply defied newspaper exposures, postal fraud orders, arrests, convictions, and ridicule by leading state and government officials.

In 1936 the fantastic case of Oscar M. Hartzell, semi-literate Iowa bumpkin, who had posed as the "Premier Duke of Buckland" and who has passed off his valet, W. J. Stewart, as "one of the Royal Stewarts of Scotland" came to a final and ironic end.

The man who, without benefit of education or business experience, had successfully flim-flammed some 50,000 or more Americans of all walks of life, many of them of a high level of intelligence, over a period of 15 years, was adjudged mentally incompetent and ordered transferred from prison to a gov-

ernment hospital for mental defectives.

• Fifty thousand sadder and wiser Americans went back to their prosaic farm toil or routine city jobs with nothing more tangible than

golden memories and dreams of 5,000 per cent easy profits almost within their grasp, for the one and three-quarters million dollars they had poured into Hartzell's fantastic scheme.

Four card-sharps got together and a tense, hard-fought contest ensued. Suddenly the dealer tossed his cards down and said: "This game is crooked!" "What makes you think so?" queried one of the players. "I can tell," replied the dealer, "because that guy is not playing the same hand I dealt him." —GREAT NORTHERN GOAT

A big game hunter visiting friends before his departure for Africa stopped at the branch of a large store to order some cartridges. "I usually deal with your head office," he said to the young clerk, "but I dare say you can send these out for me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, they are to go to Nigeria."

The clerk looked blank and then said, "I think you'd best place your order with the head office after all, sir. All we have here is a boy with a bicycle."

—FRANCES RODMAN

One young Cinerama patron, asked to describe the medium that has revolutionized the motion picture industry, explained that it was "different." When pressed for a fuller description of how it differed from conventional movies, the young critic thought a few moments and finally answered, "No popcorn."

• We understand that, after one movie-goer fell out of his seat during the aerial sequence in Cinerama, the management is considering the installation of safety belts.

• Cinerama's breath-taking illusion of reality has affected scores of movie-goers physically, especially during the opening sequence of the roller coaster ride. None, however, was more embarrassed than a rear admiral who was obliged to leave the theatre and seek relief outside. "Twenty years in the navy", he was heard muttering as he braced himself against a convenient wall, "and the first time I get seasick is at a film!"

IS YOUR CREDIT GOOD?

by Orson Angell

THE PUBLIC likes to look at money but it sees surprisingly little of it. A recent Federal Reserve figure showed nearly 30½ billion dollars in circulation but if you should count the coins in your pocket, you are unlikely to find more than a couple quarters, a dime and three pennies. That is about all the average man carries. An economist, writing about business confidence said:

“We don’t bite the coin today.”

We don’t even see the coin today. If you have as much as \$113, only \$1.81 will be in hard money. That is all that has any intrinsic worth, Federal Reserve figures show. The rest is paper of no real value but good for food, rent, gasoline, a new car, because of the confidence men have in other men.

You probably will use this printed paper when you buy food or gasoline, but you won’t use it to pay the rent or to buy a new car.

• For these purchases you use another kind of paper—a scrap with nothing about it to make it valua-

ble except your signature. But the landlord and the new car dealer accept it without question. They call it “cash,” that slip of paper with your signature. However, in any month or year, of the many billions of dollars worth of goods that are bought and sold in the United States, only a little more than half move for such cash as coins, government paper or your check. About 44 per cent of all business is done on promises. What do you use for money? A promise to pay. That’s how business is done in America.

• It can be done this way because most people are honest. Their word is good. The small loan companies did business with ten million families in 1954. They lent nearly three billion dollars on individual promises to pay and their losses were less than one-half of one percent.

• Modern business flows on a broad river of credit and the bed of that river is belief in the integrity of the other fellow. William J.

Cheyney, executive vice-president of the National Foundation for Consumer Credit says:

"The full faith and credit of the United States is the reason why there is a United States."

THE GREEN STUFF called money is only a symbol of confidence. It would lose its value if ever a large block of citizens lost confidence in the United States government or in the men who represent the government. But only a little more than half of all business transactions move on government paper. Most transactions of more than a few dollars are made on promises to pay; on the signatures of individuals and on bookkeeping entries.

• A promise to pay when? Tomorrow or next day, when the check clears? In 30 days, for a suit or shoes bought in a department store? In three years, for a new car? Or in 25 years, for a new home?

• If you have carfare, a dime or two for the telephone, that's all the money you need in this land of the free. You can travel, stay at the best hotels, eat in the best restaurants, shop in the best stores, all without money. Identify yourself and your word is good. Just say "charge it" or "I'll send you a check" and that's all right with the doctor, lawyer, merchant and television service man.

• New plans pop up almost every day to make easier your no-money

progress through life. If you have a job and can give an employer or bank reference, you can acquire membership in an organization that will guarantee to pay for the food you eat in any hotel or restaurant on its list. You'll get a bill at the end of the month—a bill you can pay by check. Again, no money. Just your signature on a slip of paper.

• You can acquire a credit card from any commercial airline that will be accepted by every other airline and, also, by most hotels and business houses. You might even find a bank, far from home, that will give you good government paper for your personal paper, when you show an airline or telephone company credit card.

• Then what happens? Does that bank in Wichita ask your bank in your home town to please send promptly \$50 in cash for your slip of paper? It does not. In due time your check reaches a bank in Kansas City which credits the bank in Wichita with \$50 and sends your check on to your bank. There it eventually gets charged against your account to balance the various credits made in its course through clearing houses and correspondent banks. Did you ever give your bank 50 silver dollars to put against that charge? Of course not. All you ever gave your bank was another slip of paper, signed, perhaps, by the treasurer of your company. Never any money.

William Cheyney is right when he says faith and credit of the United States are the reasons why there is a United States. Without these, America could not be what it is. Mass production is only part of the reason why the average American family enjoys a comfortable home, a modern automobile, refrigeration, dish washers and a television set. The rest of the reason is mass credit.

EVERYONE uses credit, even the self-satisfied fellow who believes he buys only for cash. He takes, as a matter of course, the 30 days that the merchants give. Then he pays by check—his signature on a slip of paper—acceptable only because his word is believed; only because his credit is good.

Mass credit to most persons means installment buying; a little down and a little more in regular payments. Fifty-nine percent of all new cars are bought that way; 63 percent of all used cars and 60 percent of all household appliances—washing machines, dish washers, refrigerators, television sets—those indispensable gadgets that economists call “durable goods.” But the river of credit on which American business moves goes far beyond retail sales.

In a strict sense, every employer uses credit and every employee gives it. A week, two weeks, a month of service, with pay at the end of that time—not in cash but

in government paper or a check. The railroads buy diesel-electric locomotives on installments; the oil companies buy tankers on installments. A new office building goes up, with payments spread over 30 years. And the government collects taxes on installments.

Old records of a Fifth Avenue jeweler show that the late Edward B. McLean bought the fabulous Hope diamond in 1912 for \$180,000—\$20,000 down and \$1,000 a month until paid for. Any young man with a job can buy his girl a diamond engagement ring on similar terms. He can buy a house, furnish it, keep it painted and repaired, and continue to live in the style that fits him and his family.

What does he use for money? Credit. His good name. That is all any American needs.

United States Money in Circulation

In coins	\$1,811,000,000
In \$1 bills	1,200,000,000
In \$2 bills	70,000,000
In \$5 bills	2,034,000,000
In \$10 bills	6,378,000,000
In \$20 bills	9,561,000,000
In \$50 bills	2,648,000,000
In \$100 bills	5,486,000,000
In \$500 bills	320,000,000
In \$1,000 bills	466,000,000
In \$5,000 bills	4,000,000
In \$10,000 bills	8,000,000

The government issues, also, a bill for \$100,000 but you need not feel cheap if you never possessed one. They are all held by Federal Reserve banks.

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

By Russell Maguire

History is such an enormous and intricate tapestry that one remembers only the scattered threads, rarely the entire pattern. In the August issue, the MERCURY presented in this space one area of history's design—the events of 1912 and 1913. Now, to test your memory, we will weave a few more threads.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

The first ship passed through the Panama Canal? It was in 1914.

United Marines made their historic landing at Vera Cruz? It was in 1914.

Five men who were later to head governments (Lenin of Russia, Evert of Germany, Branting of Sweden, MacDonald of England, Stauning of Denmark) *met as members of the International Socialist Bureau of the Second International?* It was in 1914.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis, the uncle of Felix Frankfurter, was placed on the bench of the Supreme Court? It was in 1914.

AND, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

Bernard Baruch took part of his \$2,000,000 annual income to finance the training of soldiers to fight in

a war which Baruch said he knew was "certain"? It was in 1915.

The Tom Mooney bomb plot resulted in ten deaths in San Francisco? It was in 1916.

The Prohibition Amendment was first submitted to the 48 States? It was in 1917.

As the United States was promoted into the European war, the Warburg banking house opened an account for the use of Leon Trotsky, whose family name was Bronstein, and for the Russian revolution; and other bankers such as Jacob Schiff and Kuhn Loeb & Company began to supply Revolutionists in Russia with funds? It was in 1917.

The "enemy within" worked to change the policy of the United States from nationalism to internationalism and we entered World War I. It was 1917.

Oregon's Harry Holt—

October 14, 1955, the night of the Korean War Orphan

By Ron Moxness

ON THE mist-shrouded night of October 14, 1955, a visitor walked into a crowd of reporters, photographers, newsreel, radio and television men jamming a section of the International Airport at Portland, Oregon. "Who's coming to town?" he asked. "Eisenhower?"

"Nope, just Harry Holt with a dozen Korean war orphans," replied a laconic reporter. "Watch that plane landing out there. It's coming in from Tokyo and you'll have something to remember."

The visitor, the newsmen and the airport crowds all had something to remember. Down the ramp of a huge air liner stepped Oregon's Harry Holt, a square-jawed, bushy-browed man carrying a well-bundled Korean baby who blinked its eye under a sudden flare of flash bulbs. Behind him carrying more babies, trailed friends and relatives who were allowed to board the plane as soon as it landed to help Holt with his infant brood.

In the airport lounge he answered a barrage of questions,

posed for pictures and completed a diaper demonstration on an infant sired by some unknown GI in Korea. Fastening the last safety pin, Holt claimed a distinction that isn't likely to be challenged, even by the State Department. "There's no man in the United States," he commented wryly, "who's made more changes in Korea than I have."

The arrival of the Korean children focused national attention on the incredible saga of Harry Holt, a prosperous Oregon farmer who, at 50, had calmly announced that he and his wife, Bertha, had decided to adopt eight of the little waifs, four boys and four girls born to Korean mothers and United Nations soldiers. The announcement was received with more than ordinary interest because Holt and his cheerful Iowa-born wife already had a sizable family of six children, five girls and a son then ranging in age from 9 to 22 years. Holt's own family were out in force on that October evening to welcome their new brothers and sisters. "The Lord has provided room in

our hearts and home for all of these children," Mrs. Holt said quietly.

Holt, who personally selected his new family during a weary tour of the orphanages and army camp areas of Korea, became known almost overnight as the creator of "Operation War Orphan," an international babylift in which huge Pan American and Northwest Air Lines planes are serving as mechanical storks shuttling the unwanted children from Korea to homes throughout the United States.

THERE are probably 800 or more of these unwanted children in Korea," he said. "They can't grow up decently there because they are not accepted by other children. The mothers of these illegitimate babies hide them as long as they can. When the children are old enough to go out to play, trouble develops. The Korean children sometimes mob them and have been known to murder them. Some roam the streets, starving to death. One of our children is a youngster rescued from a mob by an American Army chaplain."

Other agencies are working to alleviate the plight of Korean orphans, but only Holt, the farmer with the big heart and generous purse, has personally dedicated himself to the full-time job of serving as adoption agent for Americans who write him at his home in Creswell, Oregon.

After bringing in the first dozen children in October, Holt promptly planned his next trip to Korea. In April of this year he shepherded an additional 12 children to Seattle, from where they went on to new parents. Holt flew back to Seoul and sent another plane load to the States in June. Out of 2500 applicants, the Holts have been able to help 650 couples who have qualified for adoption of Korean mixed-race children and proxy adoptions in Korea are being arranged as quickly as Holt's Seoul staff can handle them. About 150 of the requests came from Negro Americans, but the need is still great for homes for children fathered by Negro soldiers.

It was the chance viewing in December 1954 of a documentary film—picturing the tragic plight of Korean widows and orphans of war that moved Holt into action as an international Good Samaritan. The film was sponsored by World Vision, Inc., a Portland-based missionary organization whose purpose is to meet emergency needs in the world's crisis areas.

Deeply moved by the Korean story, the Holts first began to support, through World Vision, ten of the orphans, while their own children, several of whom share in the operation and profits of the big farm, decided to pay for the care of three more. "But we were not satisfied," Mrs. Holt recalled as she watched her adopted Korean

brood play happily under a giant flowering locust in the back yard of her comfortable farm home. "The tragedy of the unwanted children left behind by the GI's haunted Harry. Finally he realized the Lord was speaking to him to do something for them. He had no peace until he decided to go to Korea and adopt some of them."

Holt flew to Korea for the first time on June 30, 1955, paying his own expenses. He became a familiar figure to government, military and mission personnel as he traveled tirelessly by bus and jeep into remote areas of the rugged country in his search for children who would meet the health standards required by U.S. immigration law. And initially, Holt had run into an even more formidable barrier than the Korean mountains. United States legislation permits no more than two children to be adopted by an American couple (exceptions are made to prevent separation of brothers and sisters). It took a special act of Congress and months of waiting before this restriction was lifted and the way cleared for Holt's adoption of eight children.

A PROXY adoption of a Korean child takes nearly three months to complete. An American family qualifying to adopt provides Holt with its power of attorney and he, in turn, completes the procedures in the Korean courts recognized by U.S. law. A child

adopted by proxy enters the United States as the legal child of the American couple and usually does not have to be adopted again under American state welfare laws. Holt, digging deeply into his own funds, personally pays for the home-background studies, conducted by a responsible organization, of Americans wishing to adopt Korean youngsters. The American families pay the children's air transportation costs from Seoul.

"Holt may be cutting the sort of red tape which some persons regard as essential to sound adoption procedures," one veteran Oregon social worker told me. "But most of us feel that he is doing a wonderful job of remedying a great social injustice."

The Portland *Oregonian*, paying its own tribute to the man who it says is helping "move the world," commented editorially, "He has virtually given life to hundreds of children. Given his example, can anyone doubt the power of the individual?"

Holt, a native of Nebraska with little formal education, came to Oregon in the depression year of 1937. He bought some good land and developed a profitable lumber business, starting with a sawmill built with parts salvaged from junk dealers. Eventually he expanded his first ten acres into a thriving 300-acre ranch on which he raised grain and livestock. A heart attack in 1950 forced him to

curtail his activities. But today he is working harder than ever . . . in Korea. Mrs. Holt says quietly: "Since the Lord gave him this job to do the Lord also gave him the strength to do it. You know, He never asks us to do something we can't do. And now that we're raising babies, we've cut down on livestock and everything else that took too much time." But 14 acres in filberts and pie cherries require a lot of attention as does a big grain crop.

One wing of the Holts' comfortable 13-room farm home has been turned into a nursery, complete with eight cribs and a series of wall shelves piled deep with enough shoes, clothing and playthings to equip a small store. A soft-eyed cow named Flossy Belle produces 20 quarts of milk necessary every day for the voracious little Koreans. Five of the six Holt children who are at home are primarily responsible for the smooth operation of both the big home and the farm. Mrs. Holt says: "God planned this as a family job."

The problem of clean, serviceable clothing is a major one not only in the Holt home but in Korea. One slightly startled Oregon customs man counted 100 plastic baby pants and 100 T-shirts in Harry Holt's luggage. The family, on another occasion, shipped to Korea at Harry Holt's urgent request 1000 diapers, two fans, a refrigerator, a stove, a ton of whole dried milk

and 200 pounds of rolled oats. This adds up to a lot of generosity because Holt and his family pay for it all. Any cash contributions they receive from outsiders are sent promptly to World Vision for its program.

HARRY HOLT's now-famous adopted family, when assembled last year in Korea, answered to these names and ages: Betty Rhee, eight months; Paul Kim, ten months; Helen Chan, 14 months; Nathaniel Choi, 18 months; Christine Lee, three and a half years; Robert Chae, three years; Mary Chae, three; and Joseph Han, three and a half. "At first they clung only to Harry," Mrs. Holt said. "Then they realized that they had arrived 'home' and we all shared in the growing affection."

Visitors to the Holt home, braced for confusion, discover that domestic events fall into a harmonious daily pattern. All the children now feed themselves, even Betty the youngest, still in diapers.

After breakfast the children are turned out to play on the huge tree-shaded lawn protected from the farm buildings by a low fence through which their various animal pets, such as a male sheep named "Marylamb" may be petted. "They do everything that American youngsters of the same ages would do," said Mrs. Holt. "They ride kiddy cars, throw sand in the sandbox, and they have to be spanked.

But there's one big advantage to raising eight youngsters, you know. If I spank one, the others all know why and that helps the discipline problem."

The Holts' weekly food budget, incidentally, would stagger the average American householder. It includes in addition to 140 quarts of milk, 14 loaves of bread, farm meat worth \$25 on the basis of retail-market prices, and 14 dozen eggs, sometimes poached 18 at a sitting. Oatmeal is purchased by the nine-pound sack, canned goods and fruit by the case. The children eat a dollar's worth of bananas daily.

Once bewilderment and travel exhaustion had passed, the personalities of the Korean children bloomed like the opening of flowers in a garden. They are all different, one is stubborn, another quick-tempered and a third placid, much as any group of children."

Joe, at four, is the "personality kid" of the lot, full of bounce and charm, although he was sickly in Korea and had almost died before Holt found him. Christine is known as the "Little Mother." She looks after the others, wiping their noses, helping them to the bathroom and tattling on them when they get into mischief.

Helen's mother was deaf and Holt did not know if the "little silent one" would ever talk, but today she is a prattling, plump, self-confident child. Mary, with the

features of a delicate doll, is the most affectionate of the lot. When she reached Oregon at three years, she weighed a mere 17½ pounds. Seven months later she weighed 27 pounds.

Harry Holt is away from home months at a time for he is traveling longer and longer distances in Korea to find more children. Mrs. Holt misses her husband greatly. And Harry misses his family. He's afraid, Mrs. Holt says, that his Korean brood will forget him while he's gone. But each evening when the time comes for prayers in the nursery, a special ritual is performed. There is a double kiss on each tiny face—"Daddy kiss, Mommy kiss"—followed by a chuckle of contentment from each child.

BY LAST June, in addition to their own Korean children at Creswell, the Holts had increased their support of Korean orphans overseas through World Vision to 36. Holt's funds have also poured into a 50-bed reception center at Seoul dedicated in March by Evangelist Billy Graham. Later he built another center for the care of 50 additional orphans, which will be turned over to other missions in Korea when his work is done.

It is the prayer of Harry Holt that Americans will open up their homes to the children who have become the victims of a distant war.



I HAUNT HOUSES

by James E. Hanson

THERE'S something about an abandoned house that curiosity just can't let alone. Not just a vacant house, awaiting a new family and a new life, but one abandoned to its open grave by people whose lives outgrew their old home or shriveled unbearably there.

Behind the brooding of its paneless, always dark windows, inside the gaping doors, you can almost touch broken dreams among the slivers of glass on the floor or feel the void of lives that emptied themselves between the scarred walls. Sometimes, standing on a musty stairway or brushing dust from the carving on a mantel, you feel a tiny breath of the hope that built the house.

Even a forsaken barn or warehouse will do, sometimes, but a

home where real people lived and died and loved and hated is far better. Except for the haunting touch of the house's own personality, there won't be much of value there; folks don't leave much when they pack up and get out. But I've made two general discoveries: Just about everyone is acquainted with the indefinite fascination of an old house, and each broken dwelling adds to the attraction of all others. It's always been that way with me, right from the first one. . . .

It couldn't have happened in any other season. It was spring in the North Dakota Badlands, and our teacher, Mr. Hendrickson, decided on a field trip. So on a warm morning in the early 1930's, we dozen or so pupils met at the school. It was obviously a festival, for each

boy and girl was on a separate horse; most rode double on regular school days.

Very early we rode west up the winding Little Missouri River across the various bottomlands that rest in its gentle curves. Uncle John's Bottom, where my uncle had his ranchhouse; Field Bottom, a square mile of hayfields; Pretty Bottom; Weaver Bottom, where homesteader Weaver lay in a fenced grave nearly under the doorstep of his tumbledown log cabin. The dim trail then wound up the water-scarred hip of Bullion Butte into high wild country. Near the top of Bullion was the Old Stone House.

NOBODY ever called it anything but the Old Stone House. It was built in days when time wasn't money but a personal possession—a birthright, not a commodity. The home was for some forgotten pioneer a labor of pure love: solid stone and hand-hewn planks except for the doors and floors, which came at least fifty miles by horse over fearsome roads. Only two big rooms downstairs, but it had a roomy light attic. There was no furniture. Forty-year-old magazines, still alive for us amid the dead hope of the house's builder, nearly covered the floors.

After wolfing down raw potatoes warmed in a frying pan, we got into what Mr. Hendrickson said was the instructive part of the

trip; he assigned us turns at musing aloud over the people who gave part of their lives for that forlorn monument. What I made them I don't remember, but I've never stopped wondering. There was another house on the Plateau that I haunted for awhile until it became, for me, haunted. It was there that a girl years before had dropped her baby sister and hurt something in her brain. This enchanted me until the family visited us. The baby had twenty years' physical growth then and was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. Brilliant black hair fell in whispers around an oval, peaceful face of unearthly loveliness. Her complexion was pale and clear, her body perfect, but her lifeless eyes were terrifying even to a child. It was as though an artist had painted an incredibly beautiful woman, but tired early and left holes of bare canvas for eyes.

I never went again to their abandoned homestead. I should have, and left the eyes there; for they have followed me ever since. In my spooking I shamed myself only once. A family moved from a great brown house on the prairie a mile or two out of the Badlands. Though we ranch folks didn't always associate with farmers, these had been our friends. After they left I went to their old home with another boy and was suddenly seething with rage because they'd taken away their player piano. I

scooped up stones and smashed all the windows, sobbing with frustration. I spent weeks in guilty fear that my parents would punish me; this, however, was in the Depression and they had other things on their minds.

THERE was an old mansion near Gulfport, Mississippi, that was at the opposite end of the emotional scale: unloved and useless and utterly alone. I stumbled onto it on Army bivouac and poked through it one clammy-hot afternoon. It stood massively lonely at the brushy edge of a swamp. Its doors were gone, windows baggy-eyed with sills warped downward. At the rear of what was once a proud yard were ruins I tried futilely to believe had been slave quarters. The long porch was a dragon's mouth over the harsh black shade, snaggle-toothed where a column was broken away. I fought through weeds and brush to the wide steps; they were smashed.

The heavy door, leaning on one hinge, was splintered with visitors' initials. Costly floors were scarred and cluttered with dirt and wood, and the remains of indoor picnics. Laths shown starkly white like a skeleton's ribs where plaster had crumbled. Part of a six-foot fireplace was caved in on itself and most of the wide, curved stairway was gone. The breeze mourned without coolness through the win-

dows, whispering behind its hand of days that were better.

I stood by the fireplace, a ghost of the present haunting the past, trying to find meaning in the old palace. What had it done to its people, or they to it? What heartbreak could it save me, how would it guide me to honor, if its melancholy walls could speak? I never found out. A couple of neighbors mumbled something about "the boys kind of went to the dogs when the old folks died." Then the Army sent me overseas and I never saw the old house again.

I really didn't hit my haunting stride until after the war when I moved to Missoula, Montana, a live city surrounded by ghost towns of the Old West. If a house is fascinating, whole streets of abandoned businesses and boot-hills, homes and hopes are downright mesmerising. In these dead and dying relics of a vigorous era, you find strange half-histories and strange people.

At Quigley, once a brawling camp of some 8,000 feverish miners, I bumped into a renowned New York surgeon; in Copper Cliffs, where one cabin and half a store building remain of a wild boom town, I spent an afternoon arguing Custer's Last Stand with an intellectual Idaho sheepherder; I ran into one of my college profs at Virginia City and my godmother at Bannack; sifting through an old ghost town on the

Yellowstone River, I met a girl I'd been engaged to before the war, and left in confusion and disillusion after she introduced me to her husband and three children.

For a modern spook with a penchant for the past, haunting a whole town runs into work. A house can have a formal history of sorts, but it's usually hazy. A town is different. Most have at least fragmentary records of personalities and events. It's merely half-haunting to fool around one of these places without a smattering of its record. To get even a little of life vicariously—and it's admittedly vicariously that we fondle the bones of history—you've got to get into whatever is left of the town's soul. It may confine the imagination to a factual framework, but it gives one a personal stake in the place.

TAKE Bannack and Virginia City on fabulous Alder Gulch, where sweaty miners gouged out a hundred million dollars in gold in the 1860s and later. The old camps are as loaded with character as they once were with characters. Here Sheriff Henry Plummer and his Wild Bunch "Innocents" murdered an admitted 102 and almost certainly took lethal care of three times that many more; the vengeful Vigilantes hanged two dozen Innocents in return.

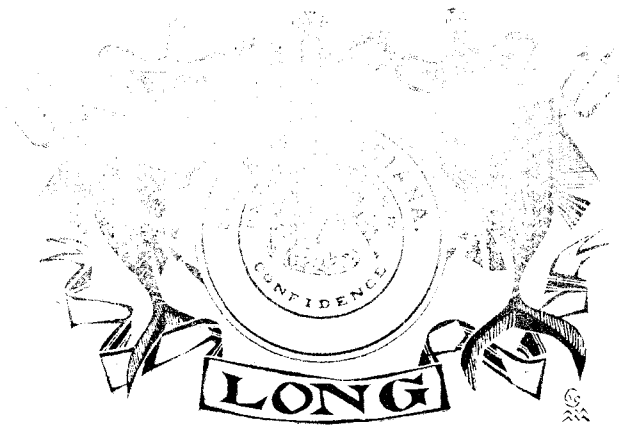
Bannack is deserted now and Virginia's population has withered to a sluggish 300. Much of the old

is gone from Virginia City now, but what's left tilts time back nearly a century. Charles Bovey, wealthy rancher, senator and haunt of considerable note, has sunk a fortune into resurrecting the town into good Vigilante standing.

Old buildings have been reproduced, old furniture and fixtures hauled out of attics and cellars. Even the old plays are produced again in the Old Stone Barn theater. With bearded and gun-heavy townspeople in the act, you may even get a fluttery feeling that Plummer himself might at any moment come cat-footing politely through a busy honkytonk.

What attracts practical people to wasteful desolate ruins? The psychiatrists haven't gotten into that yet. The only psychiatrist I know is himself an avid haunt—of Indian ruins. He says this universal interest in things gone and all but forgotten may be fascination of the unknown, morbid preoccupation with death and decay, a swan song for our own fading youth, escapism, vicariousness, or just plain snoopiness. It may be an unconscious search for guides to the future through the past, he adds.

The psychiatrist admits he doesn't want to explain it. That would reduce it to science and pall its joy. So he and I and the other active and passive haunts will just poke around and enjoy ourselves. There's that old house, now, just across the river. . . .



LONG LIVE THE KINGFISHES!

by George M. Leppert

WHEN Huey Pierce Long was shot down in September, 1935, in the very State Capitol he had built, the conservatives breathed a sigh of relief. It was believed that "Longism" was dead, and that Louisiana's politics might return to a pace more resembling the gentle wind tide of a bayou than the Niagara-like pace with which things had rushed along when the Kingfish was in power.

This proved to be mere wishful thinking. Today there are more of the Long family in power than at any time in the State's history: Huey's brother, Earl, has been elected Governor for the second time in a landslide victory. Huey's son, Russell, is in his second term as U. S. Senator, and another of the Kingfish's brothers, Dr. George

Long, is serving in Congress. Governor Earl Long's wife, Mrs. Blanche Long, has been named Democratic National Committee-woman.

In addition, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, John B. Fournet, is the same Fournet who was an original Huey Long man, and was at Huey's side when he was shot. A majority of the Supreme Court justices have definite Long leanings and histories.

It is generally felt that the Long family today wields more power effectively and collectively than the Kingfish himself ever possessed. However, the modern brand of Longism is a somewhat milder and wiser brand of politics than that displayed by the founding father, when he roared at his enemies and

terrified most of them. Though all of the present crop of Longs are definitely "liberal" in their thinking, the extreme and unworkable "Share the Wealth" plan of Huey has been discreetly abandoned in favor of more practical and tangible goals, such as higher old-age pensions, more and better highways, and milder versions of "soak the rich," meaning the corporations.

None of the modern Longs carries a bodyguard, nor is one needed, for though they all have many enemies, none of them is of the shooting variety. All are possessed of the innate clan characteristic, a deep understanding of practical politics, including Mrs. Blanche, who brought a lot into the combination in her own right.

But how the Long family recaptured Louisiana so solidly, after a series of what should have been decisive defeats, is a study in American politics. The key is the personalities of the various Longs, and the situation, which means the apathy and inability of the conservatives to unite against them.

IN REPLY to the inquiry of a Washington reporter as to his exact political position in the affairs of Louisiana, Huey described himself as simply "The Kingfish of the Lodge." His tactics, however, bore little resemblance to the Amos and Andy character so popular at the time. Rather, he was a bulldozer

who chose to run roughshod over his enemies. He was sometimes known to palaver with the enemy, but usually he preferred to crush him to earth.

For instance, in his climb to power in the State, the last redoubt was an ancient political organization in New Orleans known as the Old Regulars. The Old Regulars had been the balance of power in Louisiana politics from time immemorial. Theirs was a Southern-fried version of Tammany Hall, and, being such, their organization thrived on patronage.

In the showdown fight with the Old Regulars, Huey came down like a wolf on the fold. He slashed at them with a series of attacks which left them bleeding from the jugular of patronage. In one year, he had four special sessions of the Legislature, and after each session the Old Regulars found themselves less and less the dispensers of patronage. This city board became a state board, the city jobs became, overnight, state jobs, and so on. At last, when the badly weakened Regulars were almost on their knees, Long dealt them the last and perhaps most humiliating blow.

An informer within the ranks of the Old Regulars advised Huey that there was one final thing he could do to humble a city administration which had been in dire financial straits for years. The thing to do was close down the

world-famous red light district of New Orleans. It would not only cut off tribute being paid to political figures, but the moral effect would be tremendous. No machine could long survive which could not protect its own vice ring.

Huey decided to act. The only trouble was, since certain police figures were involved, he could expect no help from that quarter. Therefore he decided to declare a state of "partial martial law." And so National Guardsmen came to the streets of green-shuttered iniquity.

There followed one of the strangest radio investigations in history. For days, madams, prostitutes and state investigators gave play-by-play descriptions of how much the girls were paid, what the madams' cut was, and to whom and how much the madams paid off for protection.

It was a great show and, at the conclusion, Huey threw up his hands and wondered how such things could be tolerated.

Soon after this crushing blow, a majority of the Old Regulars capitulated and Huey took over New Orleans with his own friendly Mayor.

While the Kingfish was vitriol to his foes, he believed thoroughly in the ancient principle of bread and circuses for the masses. The bread consisted of "Share the Wealth," and the circuses took various versions.

AT AN early stage he adopted Louisiana State University as his favorite child and helped provide the wherewithal to promote its football team to national status. Whenever LSU played out of town, there was a fund for "needy students" who wished to make the trip and, wherever it played, Huey was invariably there in person, much in evidence between halves or on the players' bench, or both. The alumni loved it, as also they loved the expansion program he inaugurated in the form of more and bigger buildings on the campus.

Huey used the radio as a terrible weapon. With or without previous newspaper ads, he would take to the air for an hour or more at a time, often on a statewide hookup. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Huey P. Long. I've got lots to tell you tonight, but now you go and phone a few neighbors and tell them that Huey is on the air—tell them in a few minutes we're going to find out what's been happening here in Louisiana—and what ain't a gonna happen much more—" and then gradually the main pitch, with a few interlarded requests to call the neighbors to tune in.

Long was never a great orator. His main weapon was a certain broad humor. Louisiana voters loved it as Huey struck out with barbs of wit against the many heels of Achilles in Louisiana's public life, in the complacent, do-nothing Louisiana of that day.

Had Huey stuck to open ridicule of fair game, he might still be alive. He might, conceivably, have become President, or at a minimum had a great deal to say as to who would be President. His goal was the Presidency and, after his break with Roosevelt, he made no secret of the fact. He published a book, *My First Days In the White House*, in which he envisaged what he would do to right what Roosevelt had done wrong, and whom he would select to help him. He began building Southern fences and alliances.

Soon, the Long bandwagon and the Long tactics were rolling at a rate which might have stopped a third term for FDR. His song, "Every Man a King," had a certain basic appeal. But before Long could make his rendezvous with destiny, he was assassinated because of an unnecessary personal attack on a minor political objective.

Some six months before the killing, a doctor named Weiss, who had no interest in politics except that his wife's father was a country Judge, declared to friends in Baton Rouge: "Somebody's going to have to kill him." That was before Huey had made a speech casting aspersions on the family of Weiss's wife, and before he had sought to gerrymander his father-in-law out of his judgeship by changing the limits of his district.

This was apparently the spark

which made Weiss act. Alone, he waited in the hallway near the Governor's office and approached Huey before anyone knew what was happening. He shot Long in the stomach and the bullets of Long's bodyguard cut Weiss to ribbons. Huey ran down the hall shouting, "Why did he shoot me?"—then died three days later.

There is nothing but conjecture to support the idea that Huey might have been killed by the slugs of his own bodyguards. There is even less evidence to support the idea that Long was deliberately killed by his own bodyguards, or the wild rumor that FDR had put Weiss up to the assassination.

Weiss had a grievance and he shot Long. Period. Else why did the bodyguards shoot Weiss? To suppose that the whole thing was a deeply contrived plot is silly.

LOUISIANA's current Governor, Earl K. Long, is Huey's younger brother. He is known currently as "Uncle Earl" because he is the uncle of Huey's son, Senator Russell B. Long.

When Huey was at the height of his power, Earl was pretty much neglected. He lived in the shadow of a great man and was not very happy about it. In fact, Earl was very bitter about it and once testified against Huey in a senatorial committee investigation bearing on Huey's right to his seat in that august body. In his earlier days,

"Uncle Earl" had almost as violent a temper as Huey, and once, when locked in mortal combat in an elevator, tried to bite off the ear of his opponent.

The years and success have mel-
lowed Earl considerably. He
learned much by Huey's mistakes.
Whereas Huey dominated his legis-
latures by a sort of reign of terror,
Earl has learned to operate much
more smoothly in handling legisla-
tion. During his first term as Gov-
ernor, he did walk up and down
the aisles during legislative ses-
sions, but his tactics were those of
persuasion rather than intima-
dation.

Earl knows where every legisla-
tor's heart lies. Should, for exam-
ple, he learn via his lieutenants
that Senator So and So is about
to vote against one of his pet meas-
ures, there suddenly leaks back to
Senator So-and-So's district the
news that the Governor is either
going to kill or veto a pet bridge
project in that district. Immediately
a committee of indignant citizens
descends upon Baton Rouge. They
learn discreetly that it is because
of the unreasonable position which
their Senator is taking on Adminis-
tration Bill No. 123.

Whereupon the committee calls
upon their Senator demanding to
know: "Why do that? You know
that bill's going to pass anyway.
Why make a martyr of our
bridge?" And so Senator So and
So gives in and everything is lovely.

During the Leche administra-
tion, the first elected administra-
tion after Huey's death, Earl was
lieutenant governor. This was the
time when the roof fell in on
Huey's political heirs. The presi-
dent of the State University issued
some \$400,000 of invalid bonds
which he used in a trading account
in the wheat market. Other scan-
dals popped up, and the race for
the penitentiary was on. It is a
little-known fact that none of the
scandals for which anyone was ac-
tually convicted arose during
Huey's lifetime.

When Leche was indicted on
mail-fraud charges and stepped
down as governor to face the Fed-
eral music, Earl Long took over
the helm as governor and strug-
gled manfully to hold the party
together. Naturally he then became
the focal point of all opposition.

"I am probably the most investi-
gated man in Louisiana," he cried
at one time, "but nobody has ever
proven anything against me!"

BUT THE TIDE WAS running
strongly the other way and a
reform administration swept into
power with Sam Houston Jones, a
silver-tongued lawyer from Lake
Charles, as governor. Thus Earl
missed his first shot at being
elected.

The trouble with the Jones re-
gime was that it tried to reform
too much and too many. Louisiana
was never much of a reform state

and Jones began slipping. Earl derided him as "Sweet talkin', sweet smellin' Sam Jones."

Under the Constitution of Louisiana, a governor cannot succeed himself, so the conservative reform forces had to find a new candidate. They came up with Jimmie Davis, a handsome and accomplished hill-billy singer whose political career had been limited to minor offices in Shreveport.

Somewhat to the dismay of the reform forces of Jones, Davis and his band campaigned on a platform consisting mostly of the slogan of "Live and let live." Jimmie was a terrific showman and gave the public mostly music and few words on the issues requiring debate. Earl, running for the lieutenant governorship this time, was furious that he could not find a target to shoot at on the stump.

"How you gonna debate a clown like that?" he would ask. "All he gives them is music."

But Davis and his showmanship won and again Earl was deprived of his life's ambition—to be *elected* to the governorship.

After the Davis victory, no one would have bet on the political future of Earl in anything but Confederate money, but he silently retired to his hog farm at Winnfield, kept his ear to the ground, and waited. What his ear heard was a sweet harmony session at Baton Rouge with very little else. Earl knew, as the electorate later

learned, that Davis was a nice guy, but a musician first and an executive afterwards.

So, when Davis' term was up in 1948, Earl struck once more with the same program of building roads, more and better hot lunches for school children, higher salaries for school teachers, etc. But now his timing was perfect.

"You know us Longs are builders," he would say, and there were many monuments to prove it.

Earl was elected governor for the first time in 1948 and he took over with a vengeance. He enacted into law about everything he had promised—plus something he had not promised: he raised the severance tax on oil and gas to take care of the increased benefits. Fledgling Russell Long, as yet unelected, was his personal representative at this session and maneuvered through many of "Uncle Earl's" bills.

The session adjourned in early July and with the backing of a powerful administration, young Russell was elected U. S. Senator in a neck and neck race with Judge Robert F. Kennon, Court of Appeal judge from Minden, Louisiana. Kennon, however, soon had his revenge. Having administered his political prowess on a statewide basis, he ran for the governorship in 1952 and on a moderate budget, as such things run in Louisiana politics, he came from nowhere to win.

Came the 1956 election and Earl

Long, faced with the opposition of the Kennon administration, achieved a feat which Huey had never accomplished. His chief opponent was the fair-haired boy of New Orleans, Mayor de Lesseps Story Morrison, a smart young man who had toppled Robert S. Maestri, the Huey Long mayor, from his throne. Morrison had come to be a symbol of all that was good and wholesome. But Earl won the Democratic nomination (tantamount to election) in the first primary over a wide field of candidates. He carried 62 of Louisiana's 64 parishes *with voting machines* and did so without controlling any appreciable patronage.

Truly it was a Long year. At last, he had topped his elder brother, Huey.

SENATOR Russell B. Long, now serving a second term as U. S. Senator, is a man apart from the clan, inasmuch as he grew up the easy way in the shadow of his father, whom he loved and admired. But he is too intelligent in full manhood not to recognize the many excesses and mistakes of Huey. Russell is a "liberal," though he qualifies the term with the thought that "a true liberal is probably someone who is liberal with someone else's money." He is a great personal friend of Senator Hubert Humphrey, one of the liberals so deep in left field that they cannot see home plate.

"In Washington," says Russell, "I am regarded somewhat as a conservative."

Currently, he is ingratiating himself in quarters where Huey never set foot. He has been the honored speaker at a Members Council Luncheon of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce. In Huey's day, this group, then officially entitled the Association of Commerce, was Huey's mortal foe. Russell has also led the fight for the U. S. Engineers against the bureaucratic attempts of the ever-expanding Department of Interior to take over the functions of the Engineers. He has built up, through an able staff, a following in Louisiana which cuts across party lines. Perhaps he is the future of the Long clan, or, should we say, the future tenant of "The House Which Huey Built."

Dr. George Long, Huey's brother, is by far the most easygoing and amiable member of the entire Long family. He was a dentist in Oklahoma for many years, and only recently entered Louisiana politics.

He recalls the hitherto unrecorded fact that brother Huey, before he had ever become a lawyer or even entered politics, came out to Oklahoma with the idea of becoming a preacher. "I staked him to \$1,500," says Dr. Long, "and therefore I claim the distinction of being the first Long ever to lend a Long money. . . . Finally, Huey told me he thought he could never

make a preacher, so he quit and went back to Louisiana.”

A true individualist, as are all of the Longs, Dr. George discussed briefly entering the lists during the 1956 primary as a candidate for governor. But he quickly forgot about it when the smoke cleared and a common enemy appeared. This is a family characteristic. The Longs will fight each other on slight provocation, but have the sense to regroup and fight together in any real crisis which involves the future of the tough and sagacious clan.

Governor Long's wife, Mrs. Blanche Long, the new National Democratic Committeewoman in Louisiana, is a personage in her own right, an able and intelligent woman who has been through many tough campaigns as a help-mate and sometimes advisor to her husband, Earl. That she still preserves the same good looks she displayed when Earl first entered politics is a tribute to her own intense vitality and to Southern womanhood, of whatever political persuasion.

THE LONG FAMILY is a phenomenon of American politics. At any given time, had the conservatives of Louisiana been possessed of a combination of intelligence and courage to present a united front against them, the Longs could have been beaten, even when Huey was at his height of power.

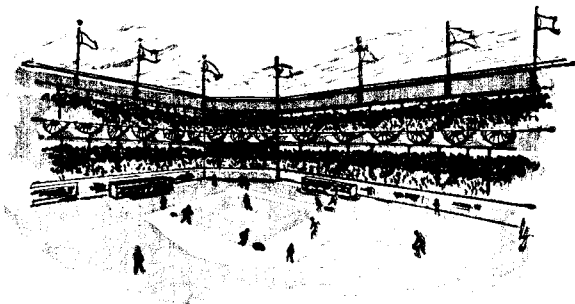
Perhaps the principal reason for this failure to win with all in their favor lies in the simple stupidity and political naivete of the Louisiana press, which has so often been the bellwether of the flock in endorsing hopeless candidates.

Foremost among these papers has been the good gray *Times-Picayune*, a close ally of the Boston Club of New Orleans, the most selective group in town. The *Times-Picayune* and the Boston Club have long labored under the delusion that their endorsement or non-endorsement is the last word on political issues.

Huey sensed this from the outset and made the *Times-Picayune* his mortal enemy. Had the *Picayune* ever approached the facts of political life and attempted to make honorable compromises as to worthy candidates who are not of their own particular choosing, the history of Louisiana might have been different.

Huey, on the stump, once assured the voters that if elected, he would never join the Boston Club. Huey could not have gotten into the Club with a blow torch. It was and is a citadel of the extreme conservatism of years long passed.

Later he told his followers: “I told you I’d never join that Boston Club.” And of course he didn’t. But that leaves unanswered a question of vital importance to Louisiana’s future: How stupid can the conservatives get?



Inside Baseball

by
Raymond Schuessler

BASEBALL is usually played according to a set formula like chess: a certain defensive set-up for a specific offensive situation; a definite routine for any given situation. A batter will not swing when the count is three balls and no strikes. A pitcher will “stick the ball in the batter’s ear” when the count is two strikes and no balls. The infield will move in with a man on first base and no outs, expecting a bunt. And so on.

Occasionally a rebellious manager or over-paid player will contradict the percentages, thumb his nose at orthodoxy, and do the unusual. Sometimes it works and he is acclaimed in the morning paper as a sterling Napoleon, a genius in knickers. If he fails he is a cretin.

Not always, however, are diamond machinations all they seem to be. What may seem like intricate

celebration may in reality be simple, innocuous fumbblings like “Did you see that blonde in the third row? Did you taste Babe’s new tobacco? Get a load of that umpire’s hangover. Hit the ball in the center of the bat.” Or merely “Button your trousers.”

When Joe McCarthy managed the Louisville club, he owned the legendary first baseman Jay Kirke. Jay was a natural slugger in heavy air. Though he never made the majors, he could hit like a fool—if the curves weren’t breaking too sharp. One game Louisville filled the bases in the first inning with nobody out, Kirke was next up, so he lumbered his 220 pounds down to the coaching box dragging his 45-ounce bludgeon behind him, and asked McCarthy, “What should I do?”

McCarthy thought hard about

the strange request and whispered, "Hit it out of the park, you big oaf." Jay went back to the plate and slammed the first pitch over the center field fence. As he rounded third, he said to the manager, "That was real smart advice you gave me."

With the Yankees, McCarthy had the one and only Lefty "Goofy" Gomez, who was quite a logician in his own right. One contemplative afternoon, Lefty deduced that even a .350 hitter makes two outs for every hit. He decided to test his theory. He lobbed the first pitch over the plate, and the batter chased DiMaggio back to the fence, where Joe made a hero out of himself. The next batter lined viciously to Henrich in right. The third batter almost knocked the third baseman down with a screeching drive. Three pitches, three outs. "What were you throwing?" asked McCarthy with a twitching grin. "Just ideas," said Gomez, leaning back in the dugout for further revelations.

Signals never did mean much when Gomez pitched. Bill Dickey recalls: "I would hold my mitt on my knee for a fast ball; if I exposed part of my knee, that would be a curve. But that didn't mean much; Lefty would still throw what he wanted.

"One game Gomez was getting a brain-washing. They hit everything he threw. So Lefty called time and told me, 'I think they're

wise to our signals.' Wise to our signals, I said. *I* don't know what you're throwing. *You* don't know what you're throwing. How do you figure *they* know?"

WHEN A CATCHER goes out to the mound for a conference with the pitcher, the discussion is about anything but baseball. Joe Page, the famous Yankee fireman, recalls the game which clinched the 1949 pennant against the Red Sox. "The score was tied," recalls Page, "two men on and two out with the dangerous clutch hitter Vern Stephens at bat. Berra calls time out and walks out to me and says, 'How long you been married, Joe? Eight years? Got any kids?'

"I told him we didn't have any children, and he said, 'You gotta have kids, Joe. Best thing in the world for a family.'

"He walked back, and I struck out Stephens."

Rogers Hornsby, while managing the now defunct St. Louis Browns, once proudly announced a new signal for a hit and run: he would wipe his forehead with a towel. When he first flashed his new signal, the runner was thrown out by ten feet. He tried it twice more during the game, and each time the runner was thrown out by a perfectly executed pitchout. With the mercury only forty above, the opposing team knew well enough that Hornsby wasn't wiping off perspiration!

What does a manager say when a team is not hitting?

Plenty usually. The classic example of restrained appraisal was given by Billy Southworth, manager of the Cardinals in the 1944 World Series: "Gentlemen, swinging the bat is great exercise. It strengthens the diaphragm and loosens pent-up emotions in the chest. Besides you may hit the ball!"

Then there was the day Paul Derringer held the Dodgers scoreless for 15 innings. As Pete Reiser came up to the plate in the sixteenth, Dressen whispered, "Derringer's stopping you by placing the ball close to your knuckles. Step back six inches when I give you the curve sign—then swing." Pete stepped back and busted a game-winning homer.

Dressen was a wizard in stealing signs, and he upset the opposition even when he hadn't succeeded in decoding the signs or the pitcher's mannerisms. One time he caught on to Johnny Vander Meer's motion and told Johnny, "Kid, I'm gonna call every pitch you make." The Dodgers murdered him that afternoon.

When they met again later in the season, Vander Meer boasted to Dressen, "I've changed my wind-up. You're not calling any pitches today." Dressen laughed and gyrated like a madman in the coaching box all day. Vander Meer, overconcerned with covering up, was blasted from the mound in the

fifth. "How did you do it?" he conceded to Dressen. "I didn't call a pitch," Dressen confided.

A TEAM'S SIGNALS and strategy must always be revised when a player is traded or sold. When Jimmy Dykes was traded by the Athletics to Chicago back in 1933 he was fairly successful in interpreting many of Connie Mack's signals. With two runners on base in the ninth inning of a tied game and Jimmy Foxx at bat, Dykes intercepted Connie's old bunt signal. In rushed Dykes on the next pitch just as "Old Double X" projected all his Maryland milking muscles into a cannon ball that whistled the Dance Macabre past Dykes' red ears. Passing Mr. Mack on the way to the locker room the still-pale Dykes remarked venerably to the White Father: "Seems like you're playing differently these days, sir."

"I forgot to tell you, James," said Mr. Mack, "since you left the team, we've changed a few signs."

One of the most clever and most original stratagems occurred when Paul Richards managed Buffalo in the International League. With no one on base and two out in the eighth inning he deliberately ordered the opposing pitcher, a weak hitter, walked to get at the dangerous and speedy Sam Jethroe. Jethroe was a terror in those days.

"During one game," Richards recalls, "Jethroe got on base three times, and twice he stole second,

once third, and he scored all three times, upsetting the pitcher constantly. It occurred to me that if there had been a runner on base preceding Jethroe, he would have been less dangerous."

So when Richards' team was leading Montreal by one run with two out in the eighth and none on, he ordered the pitcher passed, to get at Jethroe. Sam popped up, and the game was won.

"I figured this way," said Paul. "The only way Jethroe could hurt us in that spot would be a triple or a homer. If he led off the ninth he might have hurt us even with a base on balls."

Richards, who since has earned a reputation in the American League as a brain parboiled, began his strategics early in life. While playing shortstop for Muskogee in the Western Association, he would occasionally take a fling at pitching. Not in the ordinary manner, mind you, but with both hands. Paul was ambidextrous, and when he took the mound, he would throw one right-handed, then the next one left-handed. During one game against Springfield the fans saw the amazing spectacle of two such ambidextrous fellows on the mound. Paul Creech of Springfield could also throw with both hands.

"The situation became most complicated in the ninth inning," recalls Richards, "when a switch hitter came up as a pinch hitter. I started to pitch right-handed, and

he changed. Then I changed. It went on this way for about ten minutes. The umpire was going crazy. Finally I threw my glove away and just faced him with both arms raised and began my motion. That fixed him."

THE TECHNIQUES of baseball have changed during the years, and so has strategy. Let a starting pitcher today throw two consecutive "balls," and the one-year-contract manager fidgets, and six relief pitchers take off their jackets. Casey Stengel will usually tromp out himself and circle the mound with his hands clasped behind him like a distraught Napoleon, orating something like this: "Got a real good infield, hustling boys, young except Rizzuto, but he's got a few good games left. That Carey on third is worth a cool \$100,000, maybe more, from any club in the league. MacDougal is a real Yankee, good pair of hands, always thinking. . . . Coleman's a little rusty from his power drives in Korea, but he's coming along. . . . All good clutch men. . . . can't afford to have any of them hurt. You'll have to come out of there, you hear," as he waves in his relief man.

Connie Mack never told a pitcher very directly that he was yanked. Usually at the end of the inning Connie would ask the pitcher to come sit by him. "Would you like the rest of the afternoon off?" he would ask kindly, "Suppose you

come back tomorrow." The pitcher knew he was through for the day.

No one knows better than relief pitchers that the game isn't over until the last out. There was the time Larry French with the Pirates had been warming up in the bullpen during the entire game. In the ninth the Pirates were ahead 6-0. So French decided that it would be swell to beat the boys to the showers. Surely the Pirates could hold that lead.

He sneaked into the dressing room and into the shower, soaping himself from head to foot. Then the batboy came rushing, "Mr. French, they want you in the bullpen; Boston scored five runs!"

Larry jumped out of the shower and into his clothes and ran out onto the diamond with his socks drooping and his spikes in his hands. On the mound the manager helped him dress, fascinated by the soap bubbles popping out from under Larry's uniform. French retired the side and saved the game. Most

pitchers are driven to the showers; French was driven *from* the showers!

The pervading philosophy of baseball strategy can probably be best summed up in a story which Wid Matthews, present Chicago Cub personnel director, tells of his active baseball playing days. In one game he tried to steal second with two out in the ninth inning and was caught to end the game. The manager, Jack Egan, lashed him for days, emphasizing, "From now on you steal when I tell you to, you big ham!"

A few days later with the score tied in the ninth, Matthews hit a blooper to right, and when he rounded first, he heard Egan scream, "No, no; stay at first, you so and so!" But Matthews kept running and made second by a hair. The next man singled, and the game was over. Manager Egan put his arm around Matthews and said, "Son, I like your kind of ballplayer."

DISARMING THE ENEMY

It happened way back when—in the days of vaudeville. The man, a rather seedy looking character, wearing a silk-lined cape, entered a grocery store. Furtively he approached the clerk and asked: "Do you happen to have any fruit or vegetables slightly on the rotten side?"

"Oh," said the clerk with a twinkle in his eye, "you're going to the Tivoli tonight to hear the new singer?"

"Shh—" the man replied with an even greater twinkle. "Not so loud. I *am* the new singer."

—THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

Do You Know?

That we dismantled very valuable German industrial plants and sent them to Communist Russia.

That we brought Yugoslav airmen to American airfields and training centers. After teaching them about jet planes and letting them learn many of our vital air secrets, they are now back home, flying modern jets which we continue to give them.

That the United States is blamed by the British and French people when their colonies are taken from them. Enemies "within" those countries arranged to liquidate the colonies.

That a publication of the Teheran papers would make it clear why the U. S. commitments to Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo were not carried out.

That the Republican and Democratic political machines have degenerated into a one-party fraud. The same stable runs both parties. Their "plan" gives voters no choice in selecting candidates.

That all the likely candidates of both parties are New Dealers or Internationalists. They would be badly beaten if the voters had a great Nationalist to support.

That the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act was passed only after five years of thorough research and investigation. Congress devoted more time to this single piece of legislation than to any other law in our history. Now the "One Worlders" want to destroy it. They want an international organization to decide on immigration for us. Of course, these phonies never reveal that we already have five million people illegally in this country.

That eight of the Ten Commandments covering God's law are addressed in the singular—"Thou."

That when you admit that there is only one God, then there is no room in the universe for any other, such as a totalitarian state.

That Jacob K. Javits, Adolf Berle and Margaret Mead were sent to brief Air Force officers and men at Maxwell Air Base in Alabama.

That in 1955, Israel's exports totaled \$13 million. Of that amount, \$12 million was in diamonds.

The United States Post Office Department operates at a loss of \$1,000 a minute to the U. S. taxpayers.

No Salesmen Today!

by Marion MacInnis

IT'S NOT that I have anything against salesmen. In fact, through the years I've practiced an open-door policy toward the vendors of such essential items as automatic mitten thawers, disposable overshoes and ever-bearing papaya trees. Our closets are loaded with useless gadgets and my middle-aged frame bears scar-tissued witness to frequent one-sided struggles with E-Z cheese shredders, no-burn paint removers and sundry sly enemies of the simple housewife.

I may be the mousy type, but I never was one to peer through a slat in the venetian blind while a frost-bitten stranger wistfully waited for the "lady of the house." Wearing a tattered housecoat and my most sympathetic expression, I've listened to downtrodden salesmen weave fantastic tales until, completely mesmerized, I've forked over mountains of small change salvaged from piggy-banks, coffee cans and church envelopes. I've signed so many order blanks that our front door is a familiar landmark to all salesmen in the area.

Needless to say, my husband and son have taken a very dim view of my household expenditures for spot removers that won't remove, exotic home gardens that rapidly decompose, and combination nail file, putty knife and needle-threader.

But, truthfully, my reform is not due to family considerations. Rather, I have been forced into it by the new trend in selling which has developed a species I particularly abhor. Thanks to these loaded-with-culture characters, I find that the word, "No," is still in my vocabulary. If there's anything that fans my latent stubborn streak, it's listening to a smugly-superior "representative" point out that by turning down his product I'm sinking to the level of the Jukes.

Just the other morning I deftly wiped doughy hands on my apron and hurried to answer the beckoning door chimes. There a young model greeted me in throaty tones and stepped lithely across the worn threshold. Before I could pat my careless coiffure in place, she had settled gracefully on the sagging

divan. Smiling intimately, she confided that I had been selected for a special interview by a well-known organization which was contacting only the "better" families in the community. She knew intuitively that here was no run-of-the-mill housewife—apparently my faded jeans, denim apron and son's cast off sport shirt were the badge of the intellectual. For fifteen minutes she buttered me up, complimented my discriminating taste, and praised my flair for cleverly combining so many different periods of furniture in one room. (As I gazed numbly around the living room at the faded slipcovers, lifted veneer and cracked ashtrays, I thought she might be myopic.)

Then this charming interlude abruptly ended as she carelessly opened a bulky order pad heretofore ingeniously concealed somewhere on her svelte person. Pencil poised, she gave me that "we women of the world" treatment as she inquired into the proper spelling of my name. This was just so the record would be *absolutely* correct. I got hold of myself long enough to inquire if she were selling something. She was—a one-volume digest of "Decoration Through the Ages." Quote: "We don't like to use the term *selling*, as we believe that we're giving the housewife a

simply marvelous opportunity to nurture her appreciation for gracious living." Unquote!

WITH VOICE steady, shoulders back and tummy in, I actually said "No." Then she really hit below the belt. If I didn't have time to read it—at least for awhile—I could display it on my coffee table. Then all the world will know that here dwells a gal to be envied for her impeccable taste. That did it!

I tucked the notebook firmly in her graceful fingers, made a few bourgeoisie remarks and propelled her outside.

Scarcely a day goes by but I am forced to speed similar salesmen on their way. Their parting words are icy warnings that my social standing is about to hit zero.

The memory of the haughty female who tried to con me into buying a new door mat still rankles. With lifted eyebrows she dismissed the frayed but serviceable carpet strip outside our door. Ignoring my negative attitude, she silkily countered with "but first impressions are so important, don't you think?" For the first time I discovered how easy it is to shut the door, and I have a hunch it's going to get easier.

Now if you'll excuse me, there's someone at the door. . . .

A Sunday Driver is a person who adheres strictly to a muddle-of-the-road policy.—GEORGE HART



by Stephen Gross

IN 1908 a party of engineers was sent to survey an isolated, uninhabited wasteland, called Deer Creek Canyon, in California. Though only 150 miles from San Francisco, this area of steep lava cliffs and dense undergrowth was fit habitation for only the wildcat and the rattlesnake.

Two of the engineers were exploring the creek that wound through the deep shadows of towering cliffs. As they followed the stream around a shoulder of rock, they stopped in amazement.

There on a huge boulder stood a naked Indian armed with a long spear. Straggly black hair framed his savage face, buckskin thongs threaded his pierced ears and a wooden ornament was thrust through a hole bored in his nose. With a growl he brandished his weapon, and the white men ran for their lives.

From the stone age to the twentieth century was a long step for Ishi, last of the Wild Indians, but he took it with dignity and learned to enjoy the comforts of civilization.

Back in camp they reported their encounter to the other engineers who laughed at the tale as a colorful bit of fiction.

However, two of the skeptics decided to investigate and went into the area the next morning. As they struggled over the rocks, an arrow suddenly whizzed past the head of one of them. Without waiting to see the bowman, they both ran.

Later the same day, armed with revolvers, the entire party of engineers searched the high cliffs

above the stream and found an Indian encampment hidden in dense brush, under covering laurel trees. As they approached, an old man and a middle-aged woman escaped into the undergrowth, leaving behind a white-haired, frightened, and semi-paralyzed old squaw. Not understanding the woman's speech, the men tried to explain in sign language that she had nothing to fear. Then they began a search of the tiny settlement that consisted of two lodges, about four feet tall, made of pepper-wood boughs covering frameworks of rough poles. Close by, was a smaller hut used for smoking salmon. The ingeniously concealed camp was perched on the steep lava cliff, 500 feet above Deer Creek.

Inside the lodges were found bows and arrows, deerskin robes, woven baskets, fiber rope, primitive tools for making arrowheads, and a cape of wildcat skins. These the engineers took away as curiosities and proof of their encounter with the Indians. The next day when they returned to the Indian village the place was deserted.

Three years later, at a slaughterhouse near the town of Oroville, some thirty miles south of Deer Creek, the butchers were wakened at dawn by the barking of dogs. They hurried from the bunkhouse toward the corral believing the smell of fresh blood had drawn hungry coyotes to the cattle pens.

In the pale light, they saw the dogs crowding a figure into a corner of the corral. It was a naked terrified Indian, who, as the men approached, cowered, and babbled in a strange tongue. When the butchers tried to question him, he didn't respond to English or Spanish. The few California Indians they had encountered spoke a pidgin version of one language or the other. This hungry-looking red-skin seemed to be crazy.

While a telephone call was put through to the Sheriff of Butte County in Oroville telling him a wild man had been captured, the unarmed Indian was guarded by dogs and wary butchers. Not being anthropologists, the men didn't realize what a rare prize they had cornered.

THE Indian was Ishi,* sole survivor of the Yahi tribe, and the last stone age man in the United States. Unwillingly, he was about to enter the white man's civilization that had exterminated his people, and, in all kindness, would also kill him.

The Yahi, or Deer Creek Indians, as they were known to the first American settlers, were never a numerous people. Possibly several hundred of them lived in the rugged foothills east of the Sacramento River. When homesteaders with their plows and live stock began to invade Indian acorn groves,

* Pronounced: "E-shee."

deer forests, and fishing streams, the Indians resisted the trespassers, but the stone age bow and arrow could not stand against the repeating rifle.

In 1865, commandos of settlers surrounded the Yahí villages and massacred the natives. As a tribe, it was the end of the Yahí, and, in time, the anthropologists regarded the Deer Creek people and their dialect as extinct.

But there had been a dozen or more survivors of the massacre—the boy Ishi among them. They found a refuge in the remote, extremely wild canyons of Deer Creek, built their huts in dense thickets, and continued to live a tribal existence with fishing spear and hunting bow.

When the Butte County Sheriff arrived he had no more luck than the butchers in communicating with the frightened Ishi. He decided to take the wild man back to town and lock him up for official questioning. The Indian had committed no violation of law, of course, except being unclothed and trespassing. Ishi's nakedness was draped in an old butcher apron, he was handcuffed, driven to town and locked in a jail cell reserved for the insane.

TOWN officials and local reporters invaded the jail to quiz and examine their strange prisoner. They found a gaunt, dark, and frightened Indian of medium

height who appeared to be in his early forties. Later it was learned that he was over fifty. The septum of his nose and the lobes of both ears had been pierced to hold ornaments. His calloused bare feet had never worn shoes. Ishi's hair had been burned off close to his scalp, a sign of mourning for the dead of his tribe. In terror of white men, he refused all food, though he was starving.

When the story of Ishi's capture appeared in San Francisco newspapers, Professor Waterman, eminent anthropologist of the University of California, came at once to examine him. He tried several California Indian languages on the prisoner without success. Then, proceeding on the theory that Ishi might be one of the Deer Creek survivors, he offered a word of Yana. The Indian's face lighted up. His native Yahí dialect was derived from the basic Yana language. The word was *s'win'i*, the Yahí name for yellow pine, the material from which his prison cot was made. Across the bridge of this word, and with the help of sign language, a slow communication began between the professor and the stone age man.

When Ishi learned he was not to be killed but treated with kindness, his manner changed from fear to trust. He was persuaded to eat. He had had nothing for weeks but berries gathered in the foothills. When the engineers had con-

fiscated the Yahi weapons and tools as curios, it had meant death for the older members of the tribe. Ishi had wandered into the outskirts of Oroville in search of food.

WHEN the officials of Oroville learned that they had not only a wild, but a very rare, Indian, they became cooperative. The Indian was given khaki shirt, trousers, and army shoes. At the suggestion of Dr. Waterman, they sent to Redding for elderly Sam Batwi, one of the few Indians who spoke Yana, to act as interpreter and companion for Ishi, but because of the differences in their dialects, communication was difficult.

The patronizing manner of the civilized Batwi annoyed Ishi, who regarded his visitor as neither Indian nor white. A chill politeness grew between them. Finally Batwi was returned to Redding and arrangements were made to move Ishi to the University of California's Museum of Anthropology in San Francisco, where records of his speech and habits could be made.

To get from Oroville to San Francisco meant traveling on a railroad train, so Dr. Waterman and the Indian, accompanied by a throng of curious citizens, arrived at the station. When Ishi saw the engine puffing down the track toward him, he let out a howl of fear, dashed around to the rear of

the station and tried to hide. This was the devil-driven monster he had watched from his Deer Creek cliffs, coursing through the foothills in search of its prey. It took considerable persuasion to convince him that the engine-devil was a safe vehicle.

Contrary to expectations, the tall stone buildings of San Francisco didn't impress Ishi, who had lived on a lava cliff five hundred feet high. But the thousands of people gathered in one area amazed him: until his capture, he had never seen more than half a dozen. How could food be provided for so many? It must require an army of hunters, he said, to bring in venison enough to feed a tribe numerous as the leaves of a forest.

Though he found the automobile a mysterious creature, it never impressed him like the streetcar. The noisy exhale of its air-brakes and the clang of its bell he believed to be animal cries. Later, riding on streetcars became one of his chief pleasures.

In the museum, Ishi was photographed, measured and questioned by anthropologists and newspaper men. Like a child, he enjoyed being the center of attention. His feet, perfect and undeformed, were modeled in plaster by the department of pediatrics of the medical school. Seated with the anthropologists, Ishi had his first meal at a table. While they watched him, he watched them and, with natural

dignity, followed their example in using the implements of eating.

However, he refused all foods that were not dry or clean-appearing, not trusting meats covered with sauces or gravies. Also, he rejected all beverages that were not transparent, and turned up his nose at alcoholic drinks, believing them to be a form of medicine. His gesture of refusal was the pantomime of throwing up.

Not wanting to confine him like a criminal, the anthropologists, with a logic typical of scientists, assigned him a room in the museum along with the bones of primates, mummies, and other relics of lost civilizations. These preserved reminders of the dead disturbed Ishi, who barred the door against their wandering spirits.

It took some time for the scientists to establish adequate communication with Ishi, but gradually he picked up a little English and they learned some Yahi.

Some of his history and the myths and customs of his tribe were recorded. The Deer Creek Indians thought that to meet a white man meant death. They were primitive hunters who lived on meat, fish, berries and roots. There were no words in Yahi for metal or cloth. They believed in good and evil spirits, cremated their dead, and their afterlife consisted of a happy hunting ground where game was plentiful.

It was difficult to learn much of

the Indian's family background, due to his reluctance to speak of the dead. Pronouncing their names was unlucky and brought them back from the land of the spirits. He also thought it unseemly to talk about his own life. However, it was learned that Ishi was the son of a chief. Though middle-aged, he had never married or had any sex life, the only women among the Deer Creek survivors being his sister and mother. His name, Ishi, meant young, strong provider.

UNLIKE most individuals forced into an alien culture, Ishi recognized that it was wisdom to accept and adapt himself to it. Conforming to established customs in no way detracted from his personal dignity. When offered Indian moccasins to replace his army shoes, he refused them because white men didn't wear them and shoes were more practical for the hard pavements of the city. He enjoyed and was grateful for the abundant food, comfortable shelter, and the plumbing facilities provided him. He bathed every day, cleaned his perfect teeth by washing out his mouth after each meal, was neat in his personal habits, and considerate of the property of others. Ishi enjoyed the companionship of the scientists, and, with rare patience, attempted to answer all the questions they asked.

Wanting to observe a primitive in his natural surroundings, the

anthropologists decided to take Ishi back to Deer Creek Canyon. He protested violently. He had no desire to leave the comforts of civilization and return to the hardships of the wilderness. It was only when they promised to bring him back that he agreed to go. So, accompanied by a party of scientists with cameras and notebooks, Ishi returned to his former home to live as a wild Indian again. With him traveled many of the objects the engineers had stolen from the Yahi village in 1908 and sold to the museum for its Indian collection.

ISHI went native again with one exception. In the white man's world he had learned modesty, and, even though the scientists themselves swam and walked about in the nude, the Indian insisted on always wearing a loincloth.

The professors marveled at his manual dexterity with primitive tools. He skillfully fashioned a bow from a length of mountain juniper, and fine arrows from hazel sticks, and he chipped out arrowheads from the volcanic glass called obsidian, but explained to the scientists that, given one of their empty beer bottles, he could produce good arrowheads more rapidly.

He demonstrated Yahi methods of stalking game. By covering himself with a deerskin and imitating the bleat of a young fawn, he was able to approach within thirty or

forty yards of a deer. At this range an effective shot with an arrow was possible. And the Indian proved he could call game out of the woods by simulating the cry of an injured rabbit.

One day, in the canyon, he encountered a rattlesnake. Instead of killing it, the Indian carefully walked around the serpent, and wished it well. In Yahi legends it was Rattlesnake who had brought death into the world.

The scientists one morning noticed Ishi wearing a twig of juniper thrust through the hole bored in his nose. He explained the aromatic leaf was helpful for a cold in the head, like our menthol inhalers.

During this time, Dr. Saxton Pope, Ishi's physician and friend, wrote that the Yahi was in superb physical condition, being lithe, strong, and able to outwalk any white man on the expedition. To the doctor, he had a not unpleasant body odor like the smell of a deer. When he told Ishi this, the Indian, wishing to return the compliment, said the smell of a white man reminded him of a horse.

Ishi gladly returned to the shelter and comforts of civilization. He had missed his soft bed and the water faucet, which remained a never-ending joy to him. What a miracle to turn a knob at will and receive a gush of sweet spring water! He expressed the wish never again to live in the wilds.

To make the Yahi self-support-

ing, and to teach him the value of money, the Regents of the University of California created a job for him as museum helper. For over a year he served as host, guide, and living exhibit in the Indian Wing of the institution. During this period, he carefully saved his small salary. He was gathering capital to realize a dream—buying a horse and wagon. Just what he intended doing with it was never clear, but its ownership was certainly his fondest project.

Then Ishi, the last Yahi, became ill. He contracted tuberculosis and, having no hereditary or acquired

immunity from the germs that were a part of the white man's civilization, he faded rapidly. Realizing that he was about to die, he remained stoic and unafraid. The Yahis had no word for goodbye. Ishi said, "You stay, I go."

His bow and arrows, ten pieces of dentalia, or Indian money, dried venison, some corn meal and his fire-sticks were placed in the coffin and he was cremated according to the custom of his tribe. His ashes were placed in a small Indian pottery jar, which was inscribed, "Ishi, the last Yahi Indian, died March 25, 1916."

What's in a Name?

"Leatherneck" is a sobriquet carried by each member of the United States Marine Corps. It originated with the first uniform of the corps which included a leather collar reaching from the collarbone to the ear. Primarily it served as protection for the jugular vein which was a vulnerable spot when the marines were boarding a ship. It also kept them at a constant attitude of attention.

• The Pittsburgh National League baseball team acquired its nickname "The Pittsburgh Pirates" because of an oversight on the part of the Philadelphia Athletics. In October 1891, the Athletics failed to send the name of Bierbauer in with their list of players. It was purely an oversight but the Pittsburgh club quickly detected the omission and contracted him for the season. The Athletics and the American Association both protested, but the decision was handed down in favor of Pittsburgh. Philadelphia said it was an act of piracy, consequently the players of the Pittsburgh team were nicknamed "The Pirates."

—MAURINE BERGLAND

ALTHOUGH today Englewood is a part of Chicago, toward the end of the last century it still was an independent community on the southern outskirts of the metropolis. It was quiet, prosaic, the abode of housewives and shopkeepers. Among them was a "Mrs. Dr. Holden," as contemporary newspapers cryptically identified her, who ran the drugstore at 63rd and Wallace.

There was almost too much trade for the good Mrs. Dr. Holden to handle by herself. Englewood was burgeoning, as was all of Chicago and its satellites. She was delighted, therefore, to find a capable assistant, a young man who said his name was Dr. H. H. Holmes. He proved to be exceptionally able.

In 1887, a druggist was a chemist and not a soda jerker; a drugstore, a dingy cavern stocked with elixirs and potions. When Dr. Holmes compounded the simplest

prescription, he went about it with the air of an alchemist performing a delicate ritual. His long white surgeon's fingers moved deftly, his thin sallow face became intent, his dark deep-sunken eyes grew bright. Yet, absorbed as he appeared to be in his prescriptions, he was by no means a shy scientist with halting speech and awkward gait and fingers stained by chemicals; on the contrary, he was a gentleman of fashion, glib tongue, charming of manner, and by his charm he attracted to the store many new customers, especially the ladies of the neighborhood, who succumbed to his galantry.

Indeed, it was not long until he seemed more the manager than the prescription clerk. He spent more and more time working at the ledgers or chatting pleasantly with the neighborhood ladies, some of whom took an unconscionable length of time to make a trivial

From the book *Chicago Murders*, Copyright 1945 by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.



purchase. Dr. Holmes became a familiar figure, strolling with his stick down 63rd Street. He appeared to be heading for a leading position in the business community.

Trade at the drugstore continued to improve and the proprietress beamed. When an attractive young woman, Julia Conner, came to Chicago seeking employment, Holmes hired her and her husband to clerk in the store. They had with them their eight-year-old child; soon it was Conner who was caring for the child while Mrs. Conner applied herself devotedly to assisting the handsome Dr. Holmes.

But though he thus appeared well situated, Dr. Holmes was not satisfied, for inward flames consumed him. Just how he got rid of Mrs. Dr. Holden is uncertain.

There were quarrels and recriminations, accusations that the ledgers had been falsified; there was a lawsuit and a settlement; and presently Mrs. Dr. Holden vanished. So, presently, did Julia Conner's husband. Holmes was in complete control of both the drugstore and the lovely Julia.

Yet even now he was not content. He acquired a large lot across the street, on the corner of 63rd and Wallace, and commenced construction of an enormous edifice which, he let it be known, he intended to operate as a hotel during the Columbian Exposition, scheduled for the next year, 1893. The Exposition grounds were, in fact, not far away. The Englewood folk, as they saw Holmes' magnificent "hotel" taking shape, must have realized that the construction was proceeding under rather peculiar circumstances. It was in fact, proceeding by fits and starts, and its progress was a barometer of the success of Holmes' money-raising schemes.

For he was financing the enterprise frantically. He marketed a sure-fire cure for alcoholism which was worthless. He opened a restaurant and sold it before the outfitting company could repossess the fixtures. He gave a customer a worthless check for \$178 and stalled him for months. To sell his drugstore at an inflated price, he misrepresented the volume of business by hiring dummy customers to make heavy purchases during a checkup period.

HE went at this frenzied finance with amazing dexterity, abandoning the crucibles of his apothecary for other tools which he had used previously so effectively: his glib tongue, suave appearance, persuasive manner. For he was no novice at fraud. Indeed, though not yet 30, he was a veteran of innumerable deceptions. He was, for instance, at this time married to two women. One, his first wife, a girl from his own home town in New Hampshire—where he was known by his real name, Herman W. Mudgett—he had deserted while attending the medical school at Ann Arbor, where she had paid his expenses. The second, daughter of a wealthy family in suburban Wilmette, he had married in 1885 when he first came to Chicago.

In addition to all this, he was operating an honest business in the Loop. He organized and headed the A.B.C. Copier Company, a

concern producing a device for copying documents. It was an excellent device, and for once in his life, Holmes conducted the business in a legitimate manner, even going so far as actually to pay his typewriter, as stenographers then were called. When Holmes finally gave up the struggle with this hopelessly legitimate business, he stole 50 gallons of glycerine from another tenant of the building and departed the Loop and honesty for Englewood and fraud. For a time he continued to maintain the pretense of living respectably with his wife in Wilmette. But after a few months of this he left her for good, and devoted all his talents to getting his hands on Mrs. Dr. Holden's drugstore and Julia Conner.

Thus his construction of the massive "hotel" at 63rd and Wallace displays the twin threads that had run through nearly all the transactions of his career: avarice, and a pretty woman. It was a money-making scheme, fraudulently conducted, and there was a woman in it, this time hapless, devoted Julia. As the building took shape the neighbors noted its resemblance to a castle and it became known as Holmes' Castle. It was an imposing structure, more than 150 feet long and 50 feet wide, three stories high, with jutting bay windows and numerous battlements. It contained a hundred rooms of all shapes and sizes, chimneys in peculiar places, stair-

cases, corridors, and other passageways in haphazard profusion.

WHEN THE improbable edifice was completed Holmes moved into it with Julia and her child. The first floor was cut up into stores, most of which Holmes rented to tenants but in one of which he opened a drugstore of his own. Sometimes a lady patron lingered overlong in the drugstore, and poor Julia, overhearing her voice, would slip downstairs; to thwart her Holmes removed the third step on the stairs and installed an electric buzzer that warned him of her approach.

Construction of the castle had been costly. Holmes' expenses continued to be heavy, so he leaped nimbly from one nefarious scheme to another. His swindles took him further and further afield, to various cities of the Midwest, even to Texas, where he renewed a casual acquaintance with a beautiful Southern girl, Minnie Williams. Minnie apparently knew him as Harry Gordon, for she showed Holmes' picture to her uncle, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Black, editor of the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, and said it was that of Gordon, who was, she said, "handsome, wealthy, and intelligent." Minnie was an orphan, a native of Mississippi, daughter of poor but thoroughly respectable parents. A rich uncle in Dallas had adopted her. Her younger sister Anna stayed on in

Mississippi with an aunt. When her rich uncle died, he bequeathed Minnie \$20,000 worth of Fort Worth real estate.

This money may have been the magnet that drew Holmes to Texas and encouraged him to press his suit, for as always, he was in need of money, and \$20,000 was money, big money. And besides, a beautiful girl went with it. At any rate, in March 1893, when she was about 21, Minnie went to Chicago to marry Holmes. Or at least so she thought.

He was at this time already married to two women and was living in his castle with a third, Julia Conner, who was herself married to another man. But it is not to be imagined that such complications would deter a man so nimble as Dr. H. H. Holmes. Conveniently, before Minnie's arrival, Julia and her child disappeared.

In 1892, Holmes was at the height of his powers. Handsome, sallow-complexioned, suave, self-confident, he was attractive to women; intelligent, widely read, a former medical student, a present student of human anatomy, of chemistry, of the occult, he had evolved certain peculiar theories concerning human life, the human body. While Minnie lived with him at the castle, she must have wondered about his activities which were, to say the least, unusual. An assortment of beautiful young women came to the castle, to work

for Holmes in his numerous fly-by-night corporations. The turnover in "typewriters" seems to have been enormous. It has been estimated that Holmes hired at least 150 young women. Most of them were for a time Holmes' mistresses, although Minnie too was still his mistress. How he explained their presence to her is not known, but it doubtless was a simple matter for so glib and attractive a man. He elevated only one girl at a time to the exalted position of his favorite, who was rewarded by being permitted to share his own quarters on the second floor.

How did Holmes manage to earn a living at this time? Well, he was getting money from most of the girls—their savings and inheritances which first attracted his attention. Others were working for him, some at honest employment, others in association with him in his various schemes, for he still found time to indulge in relatively innocent frauds and swindles.

In June 1893, when Minnie Williams had been at the castle only a short time, she invited her younger sister Anna, in Texas, to join her. Anna did. July 4th she wrote happily to her aunt that "Sister, brother Harry and myself will go to Milwaukee tomorrow, and will go to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, by way of the St. Lawrence River."

They would stay two weeks in Maine, she wrote, then would go to New York "for me to look around about studying art. Then we will sail for Germany, by way of London and Paris. If I like it, I will stay and study art. . . . Brother Harry says you need never trouble any more about me, financially or otherwise, he and sister will see to me." Somebody saw to her, all right: Anna Williams never was heard of again.

And yet, successful as Holmes appeared, a storm was gathering around his head. That spring and summer of 1893 his career reached high-water mark. Before the winds from off the lake turned cold with autumn chill, the master swindler was in trouble. He had been juggling a dozen balls in the air at one time; they began to crash down on his head. In November he set fire to the roof of his castle but when he sought to collect on a \$60,000 fire insurance policy, Inspector F. G. Cowie thought the proof of loss looked fraudulent. He investigated. He discovered Holmes' trouble with his creditors. This seemed to explain the suspected arson plot.

By now aroused, Cowie shadowed Holmes. He thus learned that Holmes had long ago abandoned his wife in Wilmette and that he was living with Minnie Williams. She was, the detective reported, "of medium height, with a well-developed figure, big brown

eyes, light hair, and what I call a baby face. She didn't seem to know a great deal." They no longer lived at the castle but moved frequently and furtively from one cheap hotel to another.

Finally, Cowie brought his investigation to a head. When Holmes called at the insurance office to collect, clerks kept him occupied while Cowie confronted Minnie in her apartment with evidence that the plot was exposed; she confessed and surrendered the policy. This, of course, was all that Cowie was interested in, and so he dropped the matter.

But though this was a narrow escape, Holmes' troubles were by no means at an end. He tried to face his creditors down, but they put aside his cajolery; they met in a body and said they wanted no more glib talk but hard cash, between 25 and 50 thousand dollars. This was on November 22, 1893; their attorneys prepared to swear out warrants for Holmes' arrest. He fled Chicago.

But he was not so harassed that he could pass up a pretty face. He had met, some time previously, a beautiful girl named Georgie Anna Yoke, daughter of a respectable family in Franklin, Indiana. Perhaps she was the only girl that Holmes ever really loved; she remained loyal to him almost to the end. He married her January 17, 1894, in Denver, and their witness was, oddly, Minnie Williams.

Georgie Anna was his third wife, bigamously married. Not much later Minnie dropped out of sight. Georgie Anna held the field to herself. But the great days were done, the master was on the run.

HE CONTRIVED a desperate plan to recoup. He and a larcenous partner, B. F. Pitzel, cooked up a plot to defraud an insurance company. They would insure Pitzel's life, send Pitzel into hiding, fake a fatal accident, substitute a stolen cadaver, identify it falsely as Pitzel's and collect the insurance money. But all this took some arranging, and to subsist in the meantime Holmes must needs travel about the country—he had to keep away from Chicago—swindling as he went. One of these petty frauds landed him in jail in St. Louis in June. Swiftly Georgie Anna flew to his aid, hired an attorney, and got him out of jail. But before she did so, Holmes, the shrewd criminal, had blundered incredibly. In jail he confided his and Pitzel's plans to a fellow felon, a train robber named Marion Hedspeth.

Released from jail, Holmes went to Philadelphia with Georgie Anna. Pitzel, having been duly insured with the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, came on to Philadelphia to play dead. This scheme seemed at first successful. Holmes convinced the law that Pitzel had died accidentally,

and collected \$10,000 on behalf of Pitzel's children and his widow, who apparently was in on the plot to defraud the insurance company. The thing was almost another of Holmes' perfect crimes. But he doublecrossed Hedspeth, the felon he had met in St. Louis jail: he neglected to give him \$500 of the insurance money as he had promised. Hedspeth in revenge spilled what he knew. And the law came howling after Dr. Holmes.

❖ But he had gone into hiding. He took with him Georgie Anna and Mrs. Pitzel and her children.

His travels were ceaseless. Sometimes he was alone, sometimes with one or both of his women companions, sometimes with the Pitzel children. Before long three of the children disappeared. Holmes told Mrs. Pitzel they were well and, to prove it, he forged the children's signatures to letters to her. He then left for Boston, and there the law finally caught up with him, and he was arrested.

❖ **T**AKEN to Philadelphia, Holmes told a contradictory series of stories to explain the whereabouts of Pitzel and the three missing children. The police finally exhumed the body in a Philadelphia cemetery on which Holmes had collected the insurance; and found that the body was—Pitzel's. Examination proved that he had been murdered.

❖ Holmes was charged with mur-

der and Detective Franklin P. Geyer, with other officers, set out to locate the three Pitzel children and to investigate Holmes' other activities. The task took a year, so tangled were Holmes' affairs. Mrs. Pitzel recalled that Holmes had told her during their flight that the missing children were with a widow in Indianapolis. Sure enough, the detectives found that Holmes had registered with the children at an Indianapolis hotel. And they located a house he had rented in suburban Irvington.

❖ Here in a stove they found some charred bones; these, it later was established, belonged to the boy, Howard Pitzel. To find the other two children it was necessary to backtrack Holmes' flight. Finally in Toronto in the basement of another rented house they discovered a shallow grave. It contained the bodies of the two little girls.

❖ Meanwhile, in Chicago, the police had not been idle. They had at last entered the castle. What they found is more incredible than any wildest imagining.

The entire second floor, where Holmes himself had lived, was a labyrinth designed for evil. It was cluttered with staircases that led nowhere in particular, blind passageways, false partitions, hinged walls, rooms without doors or windows.

❖ Some of these rooms were labeled in a contemporary newspaper sketch as "five-door room,"

"secret room," "mysterious closed room" (behind this was a "dummy elevator for lowering bodies" to the basement), "the black closet," "room of the three corpses," "sealed room all bricked in," "blind room," "another secret chamber," "the hanging secret chamber"—nearly forty rooms in all. Near the rear of the house was an "asphyxiation chamber—no light—with gas connections."

• This windowless room was lined with asbestos and its door was fitted with stout bolts; Holmes locked his victims in and turned on the gas. Nearly all the rooms had gas connections, some were lined with iron plates, some had false floors concealing tiny airless chambers, some were rigged with blowtorch-like appliances whose terrible purpose could only be conjectured. Just behind the asphyxiation chamber was another chute down which bodies could be dropped to the basement.

• In his own apartment on the second floor there was a trap door in his bathroom, from which descended a short concealed stairway to a windowless cubicle between floors in the heart of the house. From here, a chute led straight to the cellar.

• In the cellar were a crematory and quick-lime pits and vats of acid for the efficient disposal of corpses. In the pits below the cellar, the police found some of the end products of all these

tricks and constructions—the bones of the women he had seduced, mulcted and murdered.

• It is a fantastic picture, the spectacle of this man roaming like a murderous caliph through the endless dark corridors of his castle where his harem dwelt.

• Though he undoubtedly murdered the ladies mainly to get their money, he did not neglect the other opportunities which bodies afforded him. In the cellar he maintained an extensive layout of surgical instruments and operating tables. Sometimes, aided by a needy skeleton articulator who he located through an ad in the paper, the thrifty murderer sold his victims' skeletons to medical institutions. He also kept in the basement various pieces of apparatus which resembled medieval torture racks. These never were satisfactorily explained.

VIEWED from the outside, the castle was simply a large ungainly building. Because of the care Holmes had taken in constructing it, there was a slight chance that any of the girls whom he detained could communicate with the outside, for their rooms had no windows and the doors locked as securely as the doors of prison cells. In Englewood the reputation of the castle as a hotel had explained the constant comings and goings of a large number of "guests," and though it seems peculiar that none

of the neighbors wondered why only women—and pretty ones at that—patronized the establishment, apparently none did.

On October 28, 1895, Holmes came to trial in Philadelphia for Pitzel's murder. He got what was coming to him. It came in the form of a rope, at Moyamensing Prison.

It is curiously ironic that the master murderer and swindler was caught because he was suspected of a crime which he did not commit: defrauding the insurance company in Pitzel's death (for the company

had in fact insured Pitzel, and Pitzel actually was dead). Holmes fumbled that job amazingly, especially when he confided his plans to a jail mate.

Apparently he had grown soft during his years as the master of his fantastic murder castle in Chicago. There he had perfected his touch as mass murderer of pretty ladies. But he had lost his finesse as swindler at large. Had he stayed entrenched in his impregnable castle, he might have got away with murder indefinitely.

IS IT LEGAL TO STEAL?

Three men are shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. They manage to save some seeds, tools and supplies of food. Industrious A clears ground and plants a garden. Easygoing B and C loaf and use up the food saved from the ship.

When A's garden matures, B and C unite to form a "democratic" government. By a two-to-one majority vote, they decide to divide all products equally. Does this make their action ethical or honest?

Is the procedure of Congress in seizing 90 percent of the income of a man who has earned \$150,000 honestly and fairly any more justifiable than the action of B and C? And, if so, why?

Federal income taxes could be lowered without sacrificing a single essential function or necessary defense appropriation. Although the recommendations of the first Hoover Commission have already saved the taxpayers about \$7 billion since 1949, there is still staggering waste. If the recommendations of the second Hoover Commission were followed, an additional \$7.5 billions yearly could be saved, merely by exercising reasonable economy.

Examples of existing waste are: new Federal hospitals are being built while existing hospitals have a billion dollars of unused space; the Army carries enough women's serge uniforms to last more than ten years; the Navy has canned hamburgers sufficient to last almost 60 years; one Government agency sells to buyers—at a few cents on the dollar—something another Government agency is purchasing at full price!

The cost of this waste equals some 25 percent of the total revenue derived from personal income taxes.

Can You Read Your Writing?

by Charles E. Booth

AMERICA is a land of riches and of culture. But during the past few decades, this country has been slowly but surely neglecting one of its finest cultural habits; the art of good penmanship. Once a proud achievement of educated men and women, good handwriting has become extremely rare in our business and social world.

The name, Platt R. Spencer, means little today. Yet Spencer was once known and respected as being the one man in America whose love for gracious handwriting started a quest for mastering the art of fine penmanship among the schools and colleges.

In Geneva, Ohio, there is a tomb on which is written in neat Spencerian script, the words, "P. R. Spencer." Hundreds of persons visit this tomb every year, but the man who taught his system of writing nearly a hundred years ago has been forgotten in this modern age of the business machine.

Penmanship still remains on the list of school subjects in a few areas,

but most of the larger school systems have brushed aside penmanship in favor of other, more timely subjects. Actually, handwriting in any form is giving way to the new super-speed typewriters and a very high percentage of students in both elementary and high schools own one of these time-savers.

Some 50 or 60 years ago, the Spencerian type of penmanship was taught in nearly every school and this method of signing one's name and writing letters was the commonly accepted form. Sometime after Spencer passed from the scene, handwriting styles changed. First, there was the vertical type letter, then came the slanted type. But even then, penmanship teachers and their pupils who knew how to write in curlicues were considered to be highly intelligent.

With the coming of the depression years, countless numbers of penmanship teachers were dropped from the school systems in order to save money. But perhaps a better reason behind this move

stemmed from the belief of many of our educators that penmanship—as it was being taught then, was, in reality, simply a waste of time and effort for both teachers and pupils.

THE PROBLEM of poor handwriting poses many sad situations. In Illinois, the Bell Telephone Company once lost nearly \$50,000 in a year because its operators wrote so poorly that no one could figure who should be charged with what calls. This ridiculous situation was cleared up when the company hired instructors to teach the operators the correct method of writing a legible hand. Today, many other businesses follow this wise course. Other money losses are borne by insurance companies whose employees turn in policies written in what appears to be a foreign language.

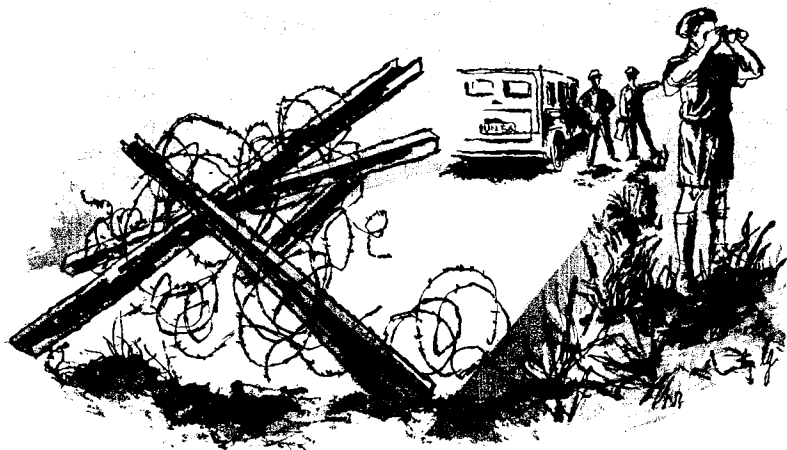
Physicians are perhaps the most constant offenders of the art of good handwriting. Pharmacists are forever struggling with doctors' prescriptions and in many cases must resort to the telephone in order to double-check. All in all, it has been estimated that some \$70,000,000 a year is lost to business as a direct result of poor writing.

There are today only about 200 professional penmen in this country. And their outlook for the future of their profession is, indeed, a gloomy one. However strong this nation is, it remains the home of a pretty sorry lot of writers.

But even though the subject of good writing has been forgotten by the majority of us today, the tributes to the memory of Platt R. Spencer are still with us. One of the largest and best-known soft drink companies in the world has the name of its product written in Spencerian script on all its bottles and in all its advertisements. The original script was written by a young employee of the firm many years ago. And today this signature is as well-known as any common object in the home. There are other Spencerian signatures too—a remembrance of the days when America was "writing conscious."

The "handwriting on the wall" seems to read plainly—penmanship is America's forgotten art. There has been a mass change-over to the use of the typewriter not only in business, but in the social realm as well. Only two years ago, a group of fountain pen manufacturers started a foundation known as the "Non-profit Handwriting Foundation." And a great many persons outside the industry have become interested in its purpose.

It would be a wonderful thing if, once again, the writing habits of this highly-cultured nation were to make a come-back. And it would be a great tribute to a great man like Platt R. Spencer if handwriting were to become, once again, a serious subject for study for both young and old.



TRAGEDY IN ISRAEL

From the New Book, *Violent Truce*

A Military Observer Looks at the Arab-Israeli Conflict, 1951-1955

By Commander E. H. Hutchinson, USNR

Violent Truce is the report of on-the-spot observations by a neutral American naval officer who performed one of the most difficult tasks possible—and performed it well.

An officer of the U. S. Navy since 1942 who served with distinction in the Pacific theatre in World War II, Commander Hutchinson was assigned to the UN Truce Supervision Organization as a military observer on October 1, 1951. A year later he became head of the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission (MAC), composed of Israelis, Jordanians, and military observers from six neutral nations. During Hutchinson's chairmanship, Arab-Israeli tension reached its height.

Violent Truce is written with candor and with fidelity to the facts of the conflict, as Hutchinson witnessed it. His account is taken straight from the record and adds a frightening new dimension to our understanding of the Middle-Eastern strife.

TRAGEDY IN ISRAEL

My family and I left the Middle East in November, 1954, after having completed the shortest three-year assignment that I can recall. We realized, as we departed, that our interest in the Middle East would always remain keen. It was only natural that our attention was drawn immediately to every item of news concerning that part of the world.

As we traveled across the United States, we were impressed by the increased interest being shown in Middle Eastern affairs. It did not take us long, however, to realize that although many unbiased articles were being published, the bulk of the news was still geared primarily to the desires of those who can find no wrong in Israeli actions. Even when the UN Security Council condemned Israel for the attack against the Egyptians in the Gaza Strip on February 28, 1955, Israel emerged whitewashed.

The raid had resulted in the killing of 38 and the wounding of 51 Egyptians, and yet more service was paid to the story that Israel was driven to this act by desperation over Arab marauder activities than to the condemnation itself. People seem to forget, under the steady barrage of propaganda in favor of Israel, that a careful study of all facts concerning an incident is made before the Security Council

adopts a resolution of condemnation. If the happenings preceding the Israeli attack had warranted such severe action, then both Egypt and Israel would have been condemned.

Another point that caused us concern was that many Americans who had made a firsthand study of the Middle-Eastern problem displayed a reluctance to discuss this knowledge outside their own circle of acquaintances. Some of these people claimed that civic organizations or clubs to which they belonged were pressured to refuse them the occasion to express their views on the Palestine problem. If this is true, then we have more to fear than first imagined. While these people fret over the withholding of facts concerning the Arab-Israeli-Zionist problem, those who have merely studied the problem from the Israeli point of view seem to have a free hand selling a slanted story.

Public opinion in the United States directs the actions of our elected representatives. If the public is kept in the dark concerning a problem, then there is little chance of arriving at a just solution. Fear to express facts, when knowledge of these facts would be beneficial to our country, has no place in America. That is why I have written this book.

IN 1917, Lord Balfour, then British Colonial Secretary, wrote the following message to Lord Rothschild, chairman of the Zionist Federation of Great Britain:

"His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people . . . it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." (The last phrase was a reservation introduced at the request of non-Zionist Jews).

Thus came into being the now-famous Balfour Declaration, the vehicle upon which World Zionism slowly and methodically started to superimpose a state of its own on Palestine.

In 1922, a clarification of "British Policy in Palestine" was published by Winston Churchill, then Colonial Secretary. This "White Paper" frankly stated that it was not anticipated that Palestine should ever become "as Jewish as England is English." While reiterating the British backing of a Jewish home in Palestine, it was emphasized that the whole country was not to be converted into a Jewish National Home. The paper specified that "the status of all citizens of Palestine in the eyes of the law shall be Palestinian," and immigration would continue as long as it did

not prejudice the rest of the population.

On several occasions during the next 18 years (through 1939), the British tried to stem the tide of immigration in order to pacify the Palestinian Arabs, who were viewing the rapidly mounting Jewish population as an outright invasion, an infringement on their rights as the indigenous inhabitants of Palestine, and as a threat to their existence. The Zionist-inspired Jewish population jumped from 84,000 in 1922 to 150,000 in 1927, while the Arab population increased from 660,000 to 750,000. By 1937, the Jewish population neared the 400,000 mark while the Arab population by this time stood at about 1 million. The period in review was marked by Arab strikes, raids against Jewish settlements, and counter-raids by Jewish settlers.

In 1930, a British Commission recommended that excessive immigration to Palestine be avoided. The "Simpson Report," which was published in the fall of the same year, indicated that the cultivable area of Palestine was far less than originally estimated. The report recommended a temporary stoppage of all agricultural immigration and also that other categories of immigration should be stopped as long as there was Arab unemployment in Palestine.

In February, 1936, the British High Commissioner in Palestine

proposed the creation of a Legislative Chamber with an Arab majority—14 Arabs, 7 Jews, 5 Britons. Although this representation gave the Jews a greater voice than their 25 percent of the population called for, the Arabs accepted it. At the same time, the High Commissioner promised a law requiring the Arabs to retain a vital minimum percentage of the land in transaction with those purchasing sites for immigrants. Also, Jewish immigration was to be held to the absorptive capacity of the country.

Each of these British attempts to stem the tide of immigration fell before Zionist pressure, and the Arabs became desperate over the realization that Zionist influence was predominant in the capitals of those nations dealing with their future. In April, 1936, the Arabs called a general strike and Palestine rocked in serious conflict.

A PARTITION plan was next proposed which was soon abandoned in the face of Arab opposition. On May 17, 1939, the British Government published another famous "White Paper." According to its terms, Palestine would become independent at the end of ten years. To insure that it would remain an Arab state, immigration was limited to 75,000 for the next five years, after which immigration would be subject to Arab agreement. The paper was followed in February, 1940, by an order limit-

ing and regulating the sale of Arab lands.

The Zionists naturally rejected the terms of the paper and the restrictions on land sales. The Arabs, who were favored by the British announcement, turned away from it and claimed the establishment of a national government.

World War II then moved to the center of the stage and attention was drawn away from the Palestine dispute. The Zionists, however, did not lessen their drive. Illegal immigration was stepped up and British attempts to stop it were met by terrorist acts of the Stern gang and the Irgun Zvai Leumi. In 1942, the center of Zionist influence moved to the United States, where, under the firm hand of Ben-Gurion, then chairman of the executive branch of the Jewish Agency, the "Biltmore Program" was launched. The terms of the British "White Paper" of 1939 were declared unacceptable and the aim for unlimited immigration into Palestine and the setting up of a Jewish state was announced.

By the end of World War II, the Jewish population in Palestine had risen to nearly 600,000, while the Arabs numbered about 1,200,000. Illegal immigration continued. The British were stung by Zionist pressure and ridicule, and their forces in Palestine were being buffeted about by the Stern and Irgun terrorist gangs. Attempts to strike back for protection met with little

sympathy. Passions were running high. In February 1947, after announcing that "The Jews are a religious group, not a race" and "that gives them no right to own a country," the British Government placed the problem in the hands of the United Nations.

The UN, as a preliminary gesture, charted the land ownership in Palestine which showed the Jews to own less than seven percent of the country's 10,000 plus square miles. This figure included part ownership and concessions. In November 1947, a Partition Plan, granting 55 percent of Palestine for the establishment of a new Zionist State, was adopted by the UN General Assembly. The plan also established an Arab state in the remaining area of Palestine and called for the internationalization of the Jerusalem area.

According to the terms of the Partition, it was a transfer of political control and the inhabitants of Palestine, both Arab and Jewish, were to retain homes and property. Those spearheading the Zionist drive, however, immediately set forth to implement the Partition Plan by driving the Arabs from the area scheduled to go under Jewish control. Terrorist acts mounted, bombings were frequent, the Arab village of Dier Yasin was wiped out. Although the Arabs struck back, they were unorganized and thousands were soon stampeded from the area. The Brit-

ish, still holding the powers of the Mandate, tried to stop the violence but in vain.

MEANTIME, the UN Security Council, charged with implementing the Partition Plan, saw that it was an impracticable solution and took steps towards its annulment. Events were moving too rapidly, however, and on May 14, 1948, the new State of Israel was announced from Tel Aviv. The following day the British, living up to pre-announced plans, terminated the British Mandate and the official Arab-Israeli war started. There were already over 300,000 Arab refugees as a result of the drive by the underground army and terrorist gangs that had cleared the way for their new state.

With no limitation on immigration, the Arabs looked at the implementation of the Partition Plan as just one more step in the Zionist plan of conquest over all Palestine. They doubted the UN ability to hold the Israelis in check. The first shot of the official war on May 15, 1948, blended into the battles of over two decades of invasion. Egypt, Iraq, Syria and Lebanon immediately dispatched forces to assist the Palestine Arabs—the Transjordanians were already in position.

On May 20, 1948, Count Folke Bernadotte, president of the Swedish Red Cross, was appointed UN Mediator for Palestine, and a corps

of several hundred military observers from the United States, Belgium, and France were sent to supervise the truce supposedly in force. Bernadotte, after studying the situation, proposed a partition plan based on the actual rights of the area inhabitants. It did much less for the Israelis than the original UN Partition Plan, which was actually in suspension at the time. On September 17, Bernadotte was murdered in Jerusalem by an Israeli terrorist group.

THE OFFICIAL Arab-Israeli war, fought intermittently between May 15, 1948, and March 1949, was subjected to two periods of truce. During each of these periods, the Arabs, who had achieved early gains, fell into disunity over military leadership. The outside intervention, however, gave the Israelis an opportunity to solidify their position and to put into use the mountainous quantities of supplies and military equipment they were receiving from both sides of the Iron Curtain. The weapons supplied to Israel by Czechoslovakia alone were sufficient to win.

The military equipment brought in was done so in violation of the terms of the UN truce, to which both parties had agreed. UN military observers, charged with seeing that neither side received arms or sought military gains during the periods of truce, were not allowed in the dock area or near the air-

strips through which Israel was syphoning new strength.

World opinion and the efforts of the UN Truce Supervision Organization finally brought an end to the fighting, and separate armistice agreements between Israel and the four neighboring Arab states were signed during the spring and early summer of 1949. Not one of the basic problems of the dispute had been settled. In fact, they were aggravated by the fact that 900,000 Palestinian Arabs had been driven from their homes by this time.

The armistice lines had been hastily marked without thought of existing village boundaries or water rights. The authors of the agreements anticipated an early peace along the lines of the 1947 Partition Plan, and their primary concern was to stop bloodshed. As a result of the temporary boundaries, which did not follow the fighting lines in all cases, new trouble loomed. Infiltration by the displaced Arabs, followed by raids and intimidation by the Israelis, soon had the borders crackling with tension.

To make matters worse, the number of military observers was cut back until there were only 21—seven each from the United States, France and Belgium. Each of these nations assigned men from the ranks of their various services. The U. S. group, under the direction of the Chief of Naval Operations, was comprised of one Naval officer, one

officer from the Air Force, two from the Army and three from the Marine Corps. To the 21 military observers went the task of observing the application of the Armistice Agreements along 600 miles of hostile border. It was into this picture that I moved in November 1951.

IN Washington, the Navy Department gave me an objective briefing. They assured me there were two sides to the problem. The Israelis were still portrayed as a struggling, progressive group, surrounded by Arab stagnation and bitterness. It took some time for me to realize that any group of people could progress if it were made the recipient of mountainous sums of money and equipment, and were fortunate enough to share in the benefits of Western scientific research and know-how.

My time for briefing passed all too soon and, after making arrangements for my wife and son to follow by ship, I boarded a plane for Palestine. The assignment of military observer called for an unbiased approach. I felt completely qualified at the time, but looking back, I'm quite sure that I entered the Holy Land, pro-Israel.

When I arrived in Palestine in November 1951, I was taken at once to the UN Truce Supervision Organization (UNTSO) Headquarters in Jerusalem. Major Jim Kingham, USMC, told me I was to be assigned to the HJK-I-MAC.

My blank look led him to explain that the mission was divided into four Mixed Armistice Commissions: The Israeli-Egyptian (IE-MAC), The Israeli-Syrian (IS-MAC), the Israeli-Lebanon (IL-MAC), and the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan-Israel (HJK-I-MAC).

The various MAC's were located on the borders and, through close liaison with headquarters in Jerusalem, were charged with supervising the truce, investigating border incidents, and taking remedial action. Each MAC consisted of one or more delegates from Israel and the opposite Arab country, with a voting chairman selected from the military observers from Belgium, France and the United States. (Since the fall of 1953, officers from Denmark, Sweden, Canada and New Zealand have also been assigned to duty in Palestine.)

To me, Jerusalem was oddly beautiful. It was a lonesome city, wrapped in a silence of distinct sounds. The ringing of a church bell, the voice of a shepherd from the hills, the Moslem call to prayer, the scrape of a plow through stony soil, the chant of the vendor, the laugh from the fountain, the braying of a donkey, the camel's protest, the faint hum of progress, the old and new, all joined in a symphony of Jerusalem that drew its background from the defeats and victories of those who had passed that way.

It seemed strange that a military observer should be needed in such a hallowed place, and yet, there I was, in just that capacity. My meeting with Maj. Gen. Bennett L. de Ridder, Belgium chairman of the Jordan-Israel MAC, was marked by an immediate feeling of respect. Every word and act clearly indicated his sincerity and honesty.

• My first assignment was to get a working knowledge of the armistice line from the Yarmuk River in the north to the Gulf of Aqaba in the south—over 300 miles of distrust and hatred. For this, I was turned over to Major Loreaux from Belgium, Commandant Bouvet from France, and Captain Scofield from the United States. Major Kingham later joined our group and took a hand in my indoctrination. None of these men knew where the brake pedal was on a Jeep—just the accelerator and the steering wheel. They did, however, know Palestine and its troubles.

• During some of the wildest rides I have ever experienced, they imparted their knowledge of the situation and acquainted me with their areas of operation. When I had been checked out on a Jeep to the satisfaction of my four instructors, and had stood up under the bickering of the Arabs and Israelis at a joint investigation, I was turned back to de Ridder for assignment.

• THE one thing that had impressed me most during this period was

the demarcation line—the invisible and temporary line that was established to bring about a cease-fire. This line invites trouble from the point on the Jordan River which is south of Lake Tiberias (Sea of Galilee) where the river digs into Palestine, to where it joins the Dead Sea. The fertile plains of Esdraelon and the coastal plains are held by Israel. The line hugs the rocky hills until it cuts into them and leaves its scar through the heart of Jerusalem. Some villages are divided, others are cut away from their source of water, and a few have lost their cemeteries.

• The most disturbing cases, however, are the once prosperous villages now left with lands that will support only limited grazing and sparse cultivation. Qalqiliya is such a village. A few yards beyond its western edge is the demarcation line. Just beyond this line start the groves, the green garden areas, and the flat grain lands that once meant activity, prosperity and security to the villagers. A step beyond this line can mean death—in many instances it has.

• Had the line been drawn to respect village boundaries, little trouble would have resulted. As it is, the natural result has been and will continue to be—infiltration. The inhabitants of the village so affected are not prepared to respect the invisible line or political decrees that are supposed to keep them from the lands they and their for-

bears have owned and cultivated for hundreds of years.

As a full-fledged member of the Mixed Armistice Commission, I soon found that we had no preventive powers. There were only five of us in addition to General de Ridder and we had to spread our observation over every sector of the 300-mile line. Actually, we were maintaining a scoreboard for the opposing parties—the Jordanians and the Israelis.

• The mechanics of the Commission were simple. When an incident occurred, the offended party entered a complaint: in many incidents, both parties claimed this role. The Commission then decided whether it would be a joint investigation with both the Arabs and the Israelis taking part, or a one-sided investigation with observers leading the inquiry on one side or the other.

• When the evidence was gathered at the scene of the incident, the testimony of the witnesses taken down, and the allegations and counter-allegations listed, the case was filed for hearing. In ordinary cases, a complaint would take its chronological place on the agenda of the MAC. If, however, it was classified by the chairman as an emergency, it was heard at once.

• Thus it went from day to day. Although remedial action was suggested and measures taken to prohibit the recurrence of incidents, success depended directly upon the

desire of the Israelis and the Arabs to cooperate. The only weapon held by the UN that would have brought about cooperation was publicity. Factual reporting of border happenings by the UN would have spiked propaganda guns that were set by both parties to put over a one-sided picture.

The reluctance of the UN to release factual information allowed the parties to lend their own interpretations to any incident. Public sentiment was often whipped into white heat by propagandists who were allowed to work without fear of factual contradiction. The Arabs were no match for their Israeli adversaries in this battle of the pen.

• THE first major investigation in which I took part involved an Israeli raid across the demarcation line near Bethlehem. It happened on January 6, 1952. This was Christmas Eve for the Eastern Church and most of the Arab policemen were in Bethlehem, directing the heavy traffic of pilgrims gathered there for services at the Church of the Nativity.

• The morning following the raid, Commandant Bouvet and I were told to rush to the scene at Beit Jalla. As we drove up to the pile of rubble that had once been a two-story stone house, we could hear the sing-song wail of the Arab women gathered around the victims. They were waiting to prepare

the bodies for the burial that, according to Moslem rule, must be prior to sunset.

• The upper floor of the house had been destroyed by a demolition charge. The lower part, built into the side of the hill, was still partly intact but the walls and doors were scarred by bullets. A 23-year-old Arab and his wife had died in the blast. There was little left for burial.

• A few hundred yards to the east, another house had been attacked. The demolition charge here had been less effective and the damage was confined to one wall. All the windows, however, were shattered and the walls were pockmarked by rifle and sub-machine gun fire. As we finished checking the evidence on the ground, the father of the house was brought to us for interrogation.

WHILE telling his story, he clung tightly to his little three-year-old daughter. He said he had heard the blast at his neighbor's house just seconds before the wall of his own house blew in. He had grabbed a rifle and told his wife to take their daughter and rush to the main part of the village for safety. The wife, who was eight-months' pregnant, moved cautiously to follow his orders. She had taken only a few steps when the Israelis turned their fire in her direction. The bullet that passed through her body snuffed out the

life she was carrying, but her own life was miraculously spared.

The third target of the raiders was a house about one-mile away—very near the tomb of Rachael. Here, a father and his eleven-year-old son, hearing the explosions in the distance, rushed out to see what was happening. As they rounded the house, shots rang out and the boy received a bullet through the arm. The father gathered up his son and rushed to the neighbors shouting, "*Yahude, Yahude!*"

• The others of his family did not fare so well. The attackers, unable to detonate the large packs of TNT blocks, threw hand grenades in through the open door. As a parting gesture they sprayed the room with rifle and Sten-gun fire.

• On entering this room we were brought up short—no person could live long enough to become caloused to such a sight. The mother and her four children, ranging from 6 to 14, were sprawled about the room—their bodies riddled.

• Neighbors and friends from Bethlehem and Beit Jalla were impatient to claim the bodies and we were only too glad to complete our investigation and leave the scene. We did, however, gather up the abandoned demolition charges bearing Israeli markings, and also the rose-colored leaflets that had been left at the houses attacked. Translated, the leaflets spoke of revenge for the rape-slaying of a young Israeli girl a few weeks ear-

lier. The messages, written in Arabic, stated tersely: "There will always be arrows in our quiver."

• On returning to MAC Headquarters, Bouvet and I sought out the officer who had investigated the rape case referred to. Major Loreaux remembered it vividly. The girl's face had been mutilated and she had been hidden in a cave about a mile from the Jordan border. Nothing, however, had been found to indicate that Jordanians had committed this atrocity. The case had not been discussed by the commission. Loreaux expressed the opinion that the Israeli police would have a better chance of finding the killer than the Arabs would.

• Israel was condemned for a serious breach of the General Armistice Agreement for the Beit Jalla attack. The Israeli delegates did not deny the guilt of Israel—they abstained in the voting.

No Israeli attempt to bring to trial the estimated 45 persons responsible for this crime was ever made known to the Commission. Those observers who had been on the mission for many months merely shrugged it off: "People carrying out official orders are seldom brought to trial."

ALTHOUGH I never forgot the details of the Beit Jalla attack, it soon lost its importance among the numerous incidents that were occurring far too frequently. In

May, the Local Commanders' Agreement fell before the constant criticism of the Israeli delegates to the MAC. They claimed it was ineffective and yet their own local commanders spoke highly of the arrangement. By the end of May, incidents were occurring more frequently—they were also becoming more serious.

• On June 4, we became involved accidentally in an occurrence that soon claimed international interest as the "Barrel Incident." It evolved from the fortnightly convoy to Mount Scopus, an activity divorced from our MAC and at the time controlled from UN Headquarters by a French observer, Commandant Delseries.

• The Mount Scopus area runs north from the Mount of Olives along the crest of a hill overlooking Jerusalem. The entire hill is inside Jordan but the part including the land and buildings of Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital is property owned by Jews and is technically under the control of the UN. The Jordan sector of Mount Scopus, including the August Victoria—now used as a hospital for Arab refugees—and the village of Issawiya, are also subject to UN control by terms of the Scopus agreement. The Israelis are allowed to maintain police guards in the Jewish sector under direction of the chief of staff, UN-TSO, and every two weeks a convoy under heavy Arab Legion

guard crosses Jordan territory with supplies and a change of guard for the Jewish zone.

• On the day in question, the convoy was being checked through Mandelbaum Gate, the official UN border crossing point in Jerusalem. The UN guards made their checks as usual and everything seemed in order until one of them dropped a test rod into an oil drum. It struck a metal object and would not go to the bottom. Delseries ordered the barrel rolled off the truck and he sent for tools to open it. Meantime, the Israelis decided the truck with the remaining barrels was not in good running order. They tinkered with the motor and then pushed the truck until it started rolling towards the Israeli check post. Once the truck was in motion, the Israeli driver jumped aboard and sped into Israel.

• Before the cutting tools could be obtained the Israelis, in direct violation of the Armistice Agreement, moved soldiers into no-man's-land and demanded the return of the remaining barrel. The Arabs had also been busy and their soldiers were standing by, outside no-man's-land, but in position to control the area. Lt. Col. Ramati, senior Israeli delegate to the MAC, ordered his men to roll the barrel into Israel. The click of rifle bolts spanked the air and everyone seemed to be looking for a place to hide.

• Before the barrel could be rolled away, Lt. Col. McAninch, USA Mi-

litary Assistant to the Chief of Staff, UNTSO, planted his foot against the barrel. By doing this he more than likely saved a dozen lives. Even Ramati, who screamed with indignation, couldn't hide the fact that he was relieved by this most timely act.

• **D**E RIDDER, our MAC chairman, then saved the day by suggesting that the barrel be taken into the MAC office to be held until a decision on its future could be obtained from Lt. General Riley, USMC, Chief of Staff, UNTSO. For the safety of all concerned, the Israelis and the Jordanians agreed and the barrel came to rest in the bathroom of the MAC Headquarters.

• The Israelis demanded the return of the barrel without further inspection. The Jordanians claimed that it was the duty of the UNTSO to check it thoroughly before it went on to Scopus or was returned to Israel. All members of the Mission who were present agreed that the barrel should be opened—we, too, were inquisitive by this time. Riley, who was in New York at the time, was contacted and after a few days he sent a message granting permission to open the barrel. The grand opening was set for 1230 local time on June 20.

• At 1200, the door of the MAC office burst open and three Israeli officers, pistols drawn and escorted by two enlisted men who

were holding sub-machine guns, marched into the room and stationed themselves outside the barrel-room door. Major Mohammed Itzaq, the Senior Jordanian Military Delegate who arrived soon after, appraised the situation and then asked us how much of this the UN would tolerate. He left, stating that no further MAC meetings could be held in that building. The Israelis claimed every right to be there as the building was on their side of the line. They refused to recognize the inviolability of the UN office.

De Ridder immediately set up a guard and a communications watch for the observers and the UN radio men. We were not one happy little family. The Israeli guards were insolent, their officers took all incoming calls.

Soon after the Israelis had set their guard, Captain John Scofield, at the suggestion of Blaine Sloan, UNTSO Legal Officer, went home for his camera. When he returned we set the stage by having Del-series reach for the lock on the door. Of course, the Israeli guard held up a restraining hand. Scofield wasn't sure of the lighting on his first take, so the action was repeated.

For this act, the Israeli Minister of Foreign Affairs issued an aide memoire requestion "the immediate replacement of the UN personnel involved in this disreputable incident." De Ridder also came under

fire from Israeli officials for calling in three members of the Consular Corps to witness the Israel *coup d'etat*. We could all understand Israel's attempts to keep her acts out of the news. She had left few rules unbroken by this time.

SOON after the Israelis took over the offices, they placed another lock on the door and took away our only key to the MAC building—we had always left the key in the lock during working hours. From this time on, we stood duty at night with the door locked. On one of my nights, I requested that the door be left open. The guards wouldn't go along with my request and their officer backed them up.

After thinking it over, I called Colonel Sam Taxis, USMC, the senior U.S. officer present, and chairman of the Syrian-Israeli MAC. He was in Jerusalem and went to work the minute he received my call. It was only a matter of minutes before all of the Israeli MAC delegates were in the building. We received apologies and promises of a better deal, and were allowed freedom of movement in and out of the building on request, but the key was retained by Israel and the door was locked each evening. No amount of pressure changed this routine until the barrel was moved from the building.

Riley, on his arrival from New York, immediately came to the rescue of de Ridder as well as the

three involved in the picture-taking episode. He demanded that the aide-memoire be withdrawn. The General also condemned the Israelis for allowing their soldiers to enter no-man's-land and for taking over the MAC office. As I look back over these events, I do not believe the General's words to Scofield, Sloan and myself, concerning the pictures, could be construed as a commendation for our initiative.



WITH the General back in town, a day was soon set for the Israeli guards to withdraw from the building and for a decision to be made on the barrel. The Israelis stated that they had withdrawn the barrel from the convoy and that its contents were no concern of the UN. The Jordanians wanted it opened.

At two minutes after nine on the morning of July 10, the day set for the decision, Riley arrived at the MAC office. I was on duty and had seen to it that the Israeli guards lived up to their promise to vacate the building. A short time later the Israeli and Jordanian delegates arrived to witness the next act.

When the General and the delegates crowded into the barrel room, I was ready with crowbars, metal saws and sledge hammers. Everything was ready to cut the barrel in half or knock the end out, but the General asked for a dip rod. This, I did not have. After a mad scramble one was found.

The room was deadly silent as the dip rod was dropped into the barrel. It was withdrawn dramatically and measured against the outside—but it didn't go within six inches of the bottom. On the second dip the General slanted the rod towards the center. It struck some object and then, straightened out, it dropped just as it had before. Again and again the test was repeated—the results were the same as the first.

Riley cast a stern look about the group and after expressing regrets over the friction that had been created, he said, "There is extraneous matter in this barrel and I don't believe it contains the 50 gallons of fuel oil as required by the manifest. I am, therefore, returning the barrel to Israeli control."

The Jordanians immediately protested and demanded that the barrel be opened. The General countered by stating that the barrel was not part of the convoy, as the contents were not in accordance with the manifest. By this statement, Riley had, wittingly or not, cleared the way for unrestrained smuggling. If the unlisted items cleared the inspection, the next stop was Scopus. If they did not, and were detected by the guards, the Israelis could merely withdraw them from the convoy. They couldn't lose either way.

Actually, Riley handed the Jordanians an unexcelled opportunity to expose Israel's methods of opera-

tion. It really mattered little what was in the barrel. Nothing less than a roll of U.S. atomic secrets would have changed the main issue. Israel was guilty of falsifying records submitted to the UN; Israel was guilty of attempted smuggling and had revealed to the world it was contravening the Mount Scopus Agreement; Israel had ignored the inviolability of the UN MAC Headquarters and had taken it over by armed force; Israel had broken the General Armistice Agreement by ordering the troops into no-man's-land.

• All of this should have been flashed around the world—not only by Jordan but by the UN. Instead, the UN kept quiet and the Jordanians took off on a “Hate Riley” campaign.

Had the Jordanians been guilty of these deeds, Israel would have spelled them out in banner headlines from Baghdad to Fresno. The Jordanians, however, are not well versed in these tactics.

I have often wondered about the man called Zussman who was in charge of the Mount Scopus convoys for Israel and signed his name to the false manifest. He hovered about the scene all through the various stages of the incident and was on hand when the barrel was checked and handed back to Israel. Zussman is an American citizen and to the day I left the Mission, he was still signing the manifests for the Scopus convoys.

ON December 13, Mount Scopus troubles again drew the attention of our MAC. But this time they involved a border crossing which made it officially our business. On this night a group of Israelis attempted to make an end run to the north of Jerusalem with a good-sized load of ammunition for Scopus. Six U.S. Army man-packs were used for the haul. They included 1,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, 2,000 rounds of Stengun ammunition, six 81 mm mortar shells, six 2 inch mortar shells, three 90-volt dry batteries, and 24 hand grenades.

• The Israelis had almost reached their objective when they were surprised by Jordanian National Guardsmen. They fled, leaving the packs on the ground. Three of the men lost their fatigue caps bearing names and numbers. One of the men must have been wounded, as bloodstains and a bandage were found. Twice during the night the Israelis tried to retrieve the equipment, but on both occasions were driven back.

• All during the next day, while the investigation was going on, we tried to contact the Israeli authorities. None could be found. The Israelis were out to all callers on the day following the incident, so we completed the investigation without them.

The next day the Israelis entered a counter-complaint, alleging that a group of Arabs had entered an

ammunition supply camp in Jerusalem and stolen the manpacks. They also claimed that an Israeli guard had been wounded during the Arab raid. This was perhaps the most ridiculous allegation received during the history of the Mission. Had the Israeli claim been factual, we would have had to look for them the next day. There were many questionable points in their allegation but we continued the investigation nevertheless.

The ammunition camp was on the western side of Jerusalem in a populated area. A double fence of barbed wire marked off the small area that contained a guard tent and a house used for storage of ammunition. The only door to the room in which the packs were claimed to be, faced the guard tent less than 35 yards away. Three guards were on duty and although it was dark, it was still early in the evening. With two men near the tent and one man walking the area, at least six Arabs were supposed to have cut their way through the fences, entered the door facing the tent, loaded themselves with a manpack each and retraced their steps.

Had the Arabs carried out such a raid, they most certainly would have taken a shorter route home and, once on the Jordan side, would not have headed for the Mount Scopus area. They also would have discarded the 81 mm mortar shells, since this size is not used in Jordan.

Israel was condemned for trying to smuggle ammunition to Scopus and General de Ridder took the brunt of a terrific "Anti-UN" campaign. De Ridder hardly had a moment's peace after this time. The campaign against him grew more bitter until even Israeli officials, worrying over the effect of the campaign on their terrorist groups, requested that he accept a bodyguard whenever crossing into Israel.

The get-rid-of-de Ridder drive was not confined to Israel. Pressure was being felt in Washington, London, Paris, and even in the capital of the General's own country—Brussels, Belgium. UN headquarters in New York, constantly under Zionist pressure, finally gave in and moved de Ridder to the Pakistan mission.

ACTUALLY, it took the Israelis almost eight months to get rid of de Ridder. No man has ever given more of himself in the cause of peace than did the General during this period. He established another Local Commanders' Agreement only to have it abrogated by Israel. He exerted every effort to control his area and to bring about cooperation at the MAC level, but he sensed it was a losing battle.

In May 1953, Riley resigned as Chief of Staff, UNTSO, and was replaced by General Bennike of Denmark. Both of these men exerted an effort to spike the Israeli guns lowered on the chairman of

the Jordan-Israel MAC. Their efforts were of no avail, however, as the Israel-Zionist propaganda machine was moving at a high speed; there was no turning back. On August 7, 1953, de Ridder left the mission.

• Bennike called me in just prior to de Ridder's departure. I felt no great elation as he informed me that I was to be the next one up to bat in the Jordan-Israel Mixed Armistice Commission.

The new broom went to work. The cooperation displayed by both Israel and Jordan was most encouraging. By August 31, before I had been chairman a full month, the parties agreed to cancel all outstanding complaints. Things were not really quiet along the border, but the MAC was only concerning itself with the most serious incidents. Jordan and Israel seemed to be headed for a new era of understanding. This dream was short-lived.

• In the early hours of October 13, a hand grenade was thrown into a house at Tirat Yahude, deep inside Israel. A mother and her two children were killed in the blast. The village was rightfully demanding the capture of those responsible for the crime. Feeling was running high.

• A team of UN observers rushed to the scene and started tracking with bloodhounds and professional trackers. Other UN observers stood ready to carry the investigation into

Jordan should the tracks reach the border. On the evening of the 13th, I notified Jordanian authorities that firm evidence indicated the criminals had escaped into Jordan.

The following morning, Lt. General Glubb, then Arab Legion Chief of Staff, flew to Jerusalem and called me to the airport. He planned to direct the search for the guilty and expressed great hope for success. His parting request was that Israel show restraint and not attempt retaliation, as this would only make his task more difficult. He felt sure that Israel would recognize that the important issue was the apprehension and punishment of those who had committed the crime.

Later in the day, the Mixed Armistice Commission met in emergency session. Jordan was condemned for the attack and asked to keep the Commission informed of the measures being taken to expose the criminals. In closing the meeting, I asked Major Nutov, senior Israeli delegate, to make sure that no attempt at retaliation was made. He assured me that Israel could handle the people.

THAT night, less than ten hours later, a large force of regular soldiers attacked the village of Qibya. We rushed to the scene early next morning and found that 53 men, women and children had been killed and 15 wounded. It is difficult to describe the wanton de-

struction that had taken place. One sight that burned deep into my mind was that of an Arab woman perched high on a pile of rubble. Here and there from between the rocks you could see a tiny hand or foot protruding. The woman's stare was blank—void of any sign of sensibility. She was sitting on the pile of rocks that held the lifeless bodies of her six children. The bullet-riddled body of her husband lay in the dusty road before her.

As we turned away from this sight, a man wandered by holding the battered body of his young daughter—pleading for permission to prepare her for burial. He did not seem aware of his own badly lacerated face.

✦ Israel was condemned for this crime and for once, was unable to cover the atrocity by propaganda. The world stood aghast at such an act.

• The case went before the UN Security Council and again Israel was condemned, although Zionist pressure at the Council level watered down the resolution. To most people, Qibya stood alone as a single act on the part of Israel against a constant pattern of border violations by the Arabs. This, however, was not the case. There were many small Qibyias but they were never publicized.

✦ The Council resolution called on the Chief of Staff, UNTSO, to report back after three months. Both parties started building up a history

of complaints—each one trying to claim the greater degree of suffering. The border was tense and we all felt that any one of the minor incidents could explode into a major conflict. During this period of unrest, Jordan was condemned for eight violations of the armistice, violations that resulted in the killing of three and wounding of one Israeli. At the same time, Israeli was condemned for ten violations which resulted in the killing of seven and the wounding of four Jordanians.

✦ WHILE this was going on, the Israeli press guns were blasting Bennike. The factual picture he had painted for the Security Council did not cast Israel in a sympathetic role. Also, Israeli leaders resented his part in stopping Israel's plan to divert part of the Jordan River water by digging a canal through a demilitarized zone on the Syrian frontier. They were out to get rid of Bennike as they had de Ridder. The General was unimpressed by this threatening campaign but was extremely rankled when told that while in Israel, he would have to move with a bodyguard. This meant calling ahead at least one hour before entering Israel and then having three armed guards watch his every move while he shopped, toured or attended meetings.

✦ In August 1954, Maj. Gen. E. L. M. Burns arrived from Canada to

to take over as Chief of Staff, UNTSO, succeeding Bennike. Although pressure to get rid of Benniske had been raging in all centers of UN influence, it was denied that this was the cause for his removal. Actually, he did stay on for a few months beyond his year's assignment, but when his replacement was announced at the same time as his resignation, it appeared that the pressure had paid off.

BEFORE leaving the Mission in November 1954, I tallied up the official records of the Armistice Commission since its establishment in 1949. The results pointed graphically to the true aggressor, and backed up the opinion I had formed during my three years of on-the-spot observation.

From June 1949, to October 15, 1954, Israel alleged that Jordan had violated the Armistice Agreement 1,612 times. During the same period, Jordan alleged that Israel was guilty of 1,348 violations. Of course, the greatest part of the total 2,960 allegations were never brought up for discussion, but investigation of the serious violations resulted in the following: Israel condemned for 95 violations; Jordan condemned for 60 violations.

• Had Israel cooperated with the Commission during the period under review, the difference of the figures might be less. However, Israel would still lead by a good margin in serious violations.

World Zionism has thus far been able to portray Israel in a sympathetic role. This has been made possible because of a general lack of knowledge of the Middle East and the Arab-Israeli problem. Reference is made to the Palestine war of 1948-49 as a sudden attempt on the part of the Arabs to drive the Jews from their "rightful homeland in Palestine." Israel is held up as the victor in this war and is thereby assumed to be dealing from a position of strength. Wide acceptance of this misconception has allowed Israel to run roughshod over the feelings of her Arab neighbors and to ignore all resolutions adopted by the UN that are not to her liking.

A careful study of the dispute will show justice to be on the side of the Arabs in their demand for a return to the UN Partition Plan of 1947, which allowed them approximately 45 per cent of Palestine's 10,000 square miles—considerably more than the 20 per cent they now hold. True, the Arabs fired the first shot of the official Palestine war. To the Arabs, it was a war of survival—a war that had actually started as an invasion in the late 1920's when the British-mandated government first indicated its inability to hold Zionist-inspired immigration to a figure in line with the economic absorptive capacity of Palestine.

• The Palestine Arabs could see their country being wrested from

their hands by these newcomers. They could understand limited immigration, sharing with the free world its obligation to assist those who were seeking religious freedom and security from zones of persecution. Many, honestly driven by these motives, had already reached Palestine. The Arabs could not, however, understand the thousands reaching their shores, legally and illegally, who showed no desire to settle down in a predominantly Arab state. They distrusted those people who held high the banner of Zionist nationalism and talked of superimposing a state of their own in Palestine.

• The war of 1948-49 is now history—it settled none of the basic issues of Arab-Israeli contention. The major powers of the West and the East, losing sight of the true value of a friendly Arab World in swirling clouds of Zionist propaganda, overran the rights of the indigenous population of Palestine—the Arabs. Every step in the establishment of a Zionist state had been a challenge to justice. It was an attempt to partially right this wrong that led to the Armistice Agreements of 1949. The intention then was to implement the 1947 UN Partition Plan. This, it was hoped, would salvage some Arab respect for those who brought about the break-up of Palestine.

• Yes, the Arabs have every right to expect recognition of the Partition Plan—this time enhanced by

border guarantees that will dampen “activist” Israel’s plans for further conquest. The Arabs also have the right to expect Israel’s recognition of other outstanding UN resolutions and agreements.

• Meantime, the Arabs should not make fulfillment of these demands a prerequisite to talks with Israel. In fact, the Arab countries as a block, frankly stating their own terms for peace, should initiate demands for high-level talks with Israel. They should not allow their own negativism to cast them unfairly as the villain in this drama.

• Should the Arabs embrace a more positive approach and Israel indicate a return to realism in appraising her future, then the UN could take the lead in bringing them together in peaceful negotiations. As an active member of any such meeting, the UN should make sure that all historical and current facts concerning the Arab-Zionist Palestine problem are widely publicized. This may call for a change in policy by the UN, but it is the only way to guard against such meetings becoming a breeding ground for propaganda that is slanted towards one side only.

• **A**s of this writing (January 1, 1956), world attention is focused squarely on the Egyptian-Israeli border where opposing parties talk of war. Press bulletins speak of clashes in the al Auja demilitarized zone and along the

Gaza front, classifying them as being serious enough to erupt into general hostilities.

In 1955 the Gaza Strip was the number one trouble spot. This small plot of coastal land, approximately five miles wide and thirty miles long, was allotted to Egypt at the end of the 1948 conflict for the corralling of 200,000 Arab refugees in addition to the 50,000 regular inhabitants. Infiltration soon became a major problem for both Israel and Egypt. To aggravate the situation, thousands of Bedouins who have been illegally driven from Israel into the Sinai, to the south of the strip, began carrying out raids of vengeance. The inhabitants of Gaza were often blamed for these Bedouin exploits.

Since the signing of the Armistice, this area has been marked by sporadic border clashes.

That Israel was following a government policy of reprisal and intimidation against the Arabs was a guarded secret until early in 1954. Until then, each incident was attributed to an angry and uncontrollable citizenry. However, those who investigated the Israeli raids recognized the hand of Israeli security forces in most instances. In attempting to defend Israel's policy of reprisal, Moshe Brilliant, in the March 1955 issue of *Harper's* magazine, lifted the veil of secrecy from many incidents and, in a way, painted a rather dismal picture of future Israel-Arab relations:

"Those bloody 'border incidents' are seldom accidental. . . . They are retaliation, part of deliberate plan to force the Arabs to the peace table. Some call it 'realistic,' others 'cynical'—but it promises to be effective."

It is difficult to understand a nation in today's world settling even covertly on such a plan. A study of UN statistics on the Palestine troubles, the type of incidents and the results of brief periods of co-operation, shows clearly other avenues to peace.

MANY students of the Israel-Arab problem have long suspected that Israel views a "tense border" as the most effective way of assuring that outside interests remain alert to their obligation to Israel. This line of thought is substantiated by Israel's reluctance to allow freedom of movement to UN Observers, by her abrogation of three Local Commander agreements, by the usurping of UN powers and rights, and by her refusal to grant minor concessions along the border that would represent no material loss to Israel but would mean a livelihood to a number of Arab families. A more conciliatory attitude on Israel's part would have by now uncovered a new basis for Arab-Israel trust.

If Israel actually views a tense border as an asset to be exchanged for sympathetic attention and economic gain, or if it is to be used

as a springboard for future aggression, then a reappraisal of her chances of survival is long overdue. Israel can never aggressively fight her way to lasting acceptance in the Middle East.

♣ The Tripartite Powers (US—UK—France) guaranteed the existing Arab-Israeli demarcation line, but the teeth in this declaration were not sharp enough to protect either side from baiting the other. These same powers talked of military balance and fought any Middle Eastern arms race. However, Israel's unlimited bank account, fed by personal gifts and loans, allowed her to scour the world arms market until she stood able to set her activist's dreams aggressively in motion. Few Arabs believe that Israel's present leaders will be satisfied with anything less than annexation of that part of Palestine still in Arab hands. Whether this is true or not, it remains a firm conviction in the Arab mind, indelibly planted there by Israeli border tactics.

♣ The Arabs, still rejecting Communism as a doctrine, are now forced to risk certain dealings with the Soviets—they hope without jeopardy. The West warns that where one finds Communist influence, Communist control is never far behind. And yet, the West must accept responsibility for placing the Arab World on this tightrope.

♣ Americans now view with alarm the added threat to national security that has been engendered by

giving in to pressure for Israel. We recognize that our failure to remain alert to the facts and dangers involved in the Israel problem is why we are losing face in the Arab countries; it is why we are losing the friendship of 42 million Arabs directly affected by the Palestine dispute, to say nothing of the loss of respect on the part of 321 million Moslems who view with alarm the favoritism we have played in the Middle East; it is why we stand to lose completely one of our major sources of oil so vitally needed in peace and in war.

THERE is little doubt that the present spread of Communist influence in the Middle East is the result of the West, primarily the United States, bowing to Zionist pressure. In our lethargy we have allowed a minority group, using unscrupulous tactics in a drive for the realization of selfish aims, to rob us of our American ideals in dealing with the Middle East.

♣ With Egypt receiving additional arms, Israel now talks of a "preventive" war and her present probing of the Arab borders makes the danger of one all too real. Perhaps this talk is motivated by an honest fear of one day being pushed into the sea—that is understandable. A shift of military superiority to the hands of the Arabs at this time would, according to the Zionist mind, pose a real threat to Israel.

♣ Certainly Israel's border antics

during the past seven years have given the Arabs no cause to show restraint. However, regardless of propaganda to the contrary and the threats exchanged with Israel in political heat, it is to be doubted that the Arab States are interested in anything more than an equitable solution of the whole Palestine problem.

I CAME away from Palestine with certain firm convictions, the most important of which is that peace lies within the realm of possibility. For months I have listed and relisted the issues of contention, seeking by this method to arrive at the terms of an equitable peace as well as to outline the prerequisites to negotiations. Regardless of how I approached the problem, there seemed to be only one conclusion: All resolutions concerning Palestine and the Arab-Israeli dispute that had been adopted by the UN must be accepted by the parties and implemented in their fullest meaning. If a lasting peace is to be realized, primary attention must be given to those issues embodied in the resolutions:

1. The right of the Palestine refugees to return to their homes.
2. The temporary status of the present demarcation lines.
3. The internationalization of Jerusalem to remove the possibility of the Holy City ever again becoming a scene of battle.

Of course, there are other issues

but they will follow in natural order. There is little doubt in my mind that one day the parties must adopt a plan for the fair distribution of water and power benefits to be derived from the waterways common to Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel. I am just as convinced that the ridiculous 10-yard strip of Israel territory holding Syria from water and fishing rights along the northeastern shores of Lake Tiberias must be removed. In exchange, Israel could be given the larger share of the demilitarized zones in the north.

In addition, free post facilities for Jordan at the Israel harbor of Haifa, a land bridge between Egypt and Jordan, and free access to points of religious and historical import will be introduced for discussion and settlement. Extremely important will be the guarantees of the international boundaries when established. This will call for iron-clad commitments by the major powers as well as the UN.

Of singular importance is the question of immigration. As it stands, the constant drive by leaders of Israel and of World Zionism for the ingathering of Jews means only one thing to the Arabs—evenual aggression by Israel for the acquisition of more territory. The Arabs will remain in fear as long as Israel is incapable of presenting a workable plan to reach economic stability without expansion.

The West must also stay alert

to the fact that the World Zionists' call for the "release of Jews from behind the Iron Curtain" may create a new problem in Israel. It is a certainty that those Jews allowed to migrate to Israel from the USSR or her satellites would not arrive as exponents of Western doctrine.

A sensible approach to this problem would be for Israel to discontinue her drive to force the ingathering, while at the same time leaving an open door for those Jews seeking asylum from persecution. Less pressure could also be exerted against those who wish to leave Israel. The task of Israel today is to seek recognition as an asset rather than a threat to the Middle East.

The Arab countries are slowly approaching industrialization. They have no ready reservoir of wealth to speed up this process of change, but the horizon ahead is bright and a ready market awaits the product of their efforts. Israel, one day deprived of regular economic transfusions, will be hard pressed to meet such competition unless by that time she has become a cooperative Middle Eastern state.

THE people of Jewish faith, the vast majority of whom are loyal citizens of the countries in which they live, must spearhead the drive to help Israel open the door to realism. They can do this best by speaking out against the powerful Zionist group that advocates nationalistic ties and obli-

gations to Israel. They must not allow Israel to consider them as citizens. They must be frank in stating that, even though their interests are deeply rooted in the desire to further religious education among the people of their faith, they will not go beyond the point of attempting to bring about freedom of worship and escape from zones of persecution. They must stand as firmly against Israel's donning the cloak of the aggressor as they would against any other nation so inclined.

In a broadcast from Jerusalem on April 9, 1954, Yeshayahu Klinov, Jewish Agency public relations Officer, called for political pressure by American Jewry on all issues favorable to Israel: "Why should we fear a Jewish vote?" It exists anyway whenever we are facing an emergency. We hope that it exists. Jewish Committees in American parties do not constitute a violation of the principles of the American Constitution or American traditions of liberty. On the contrary, let the Democratic Party and the Republican Party realize that their Jewish members are organized not only as Americans, but also as Jews who have vital Jewish interests. Let the American people and government feel the pressure and realize what millions of American citizens think about the present antics around here in Israel. The idea of Jewish unity, which we formerly considered

good for Russian, Polish, and German Jewry, cannot be bad in America."

How little some people know of America and of America's ability to meet any challenge!

It is the duty of the American voters now to back their government representatives in a drive to keep the Israeli-Arab problem out of domestic politics. We must demand a foreign policy that protects the interests of America and her Allies, without leaving vulnerable spots created by the selfish desires of minority pressure groups.

The United States, recognizing its moral responsibilities as a world power, must immediately adopt a policy of active impartiality to bring about peace in the Middle East that will assure us the friendship of the Arab World, and, if possible, Israel.

We cannot allow ourselves to jeopardize our national security by lowering our sights to a friendship with Israel alone—a friendship which will be directly affected by our ability to support her existence as a belligerent in a hostile world.

Unhappy Discoveries

They were entertaining friends in their new prefabricated home. Suddenly one of the guests sat up and listened.

"Surely you're not troubled by mice already?" she said.

"That's not mice," explained the householder. "That's the people next door eating celery."

—TID-BITS, London

During his last year in America, Rudyard Kipling opened a checking account at a bank in order to keep a watch on his mounting household expenses. Suddenly one day he discovered that his bank balance showed more to his credit than was indicated by the stubs. Kipling could not account for this discrepancy — until, on a visit to Boston, he saw a check which he had given the local butcher, framed and hanging on the wall of an autograph collector. The Yankee store-keepers had sold many of his checks for well over their face value.

Kipling was so enraged that he destroyed his checkbook and during the remainder of his stay in the United States, he paid all his bills in cash.

—FRANCES RODMAN

THE BOOK SHELF

The New Religion in Our Schools

By Edith Kermit Roosevelt

UNITED NATIONS PLAYS AND PROGRAMS, By Aileen Fisher and Olive Rabe, Plays, Inc., Boston, 288 pp. (\$3.50).

ONE thing is certain about the United Nations: its feverish and starry-eyed advocates will go to any lengths in their ceaseless campaign to sell the "One World" gimmick to the American people. Now we have the ultimate in silliness: a book in which two messianic women undertake a revision of "classical" material in order to promote UN dogma in the schools. If the quotes that follow seem as inane as they are fantastic, then it merely goes to prove that you don't know propaganda when you see it.

Let's start with a gem of juvenile indoctrination, in which an egg-head Mother Goose swaps her broomstick for the UN gavel while the first-graders chant:

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!

With Nations united, new hope is born.

Where is the boy who has music to make?

Watching the UN, wide awake!"

Junior, weaned on the slick TV commercial, will snicker a bit at this attempt to sell him love of the *People*:

"Sing a song of people—

Danes . . . Americans . . .

Greeks, and French, and others
working on plans.

Trying to get together!

UN flag unfurled!

Isn't that a dandy scheme

To set before the world?"

One scheme is so dandy that in a revised version of *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*, the principle of the UN is substituted for "Bonnie" and the out-moded boy-girl theme.

"Our neighbors lie over the ocean,
Or over the fence or the sea,
When any one starts a commotion
The UN says, "Hurry to me!"

CHORUS:

UN, UN

Your gavel comes down with a
thud, a thud,

UN, UN,

You nip all our quarrels in the
bud."

Mesdames Fisher and Rabe, like stern mentors in Red China's schools, revise hymns and prayers to conform to the UN gimmick.

Early Christian fathers would blanch to hear our pupils warble "Hail United Nations" to the tune of *Onward Christian Soldiers*.

"Hail, United Nations,
Leading us from war,
With your global banner
Floating on before,
Nations big and mighty,
Nations young and small
Join their hands together,
Bringing hope to all."

God is encouraged to assume a more militant stand on racial questions in a prayer to the "Father of all nations":

"Creator of this universe in which we live, we thank you for the goodwill in the hearts of men that has made possible the United Nations. We thank you for this chance to work together to free all races and nationalities from the blight of feeling superior or inferior to others."

The UN missionary spirit is stressed in an original play, "Best Bargain in the World." Here, young Liberals, Ken and Nancy, undertake the re-education of their father, a reactionary American patriot. Like the ridiculous old fool that he is, Dad is concerned over our unbalanced budget and soaring taxes:

"FATHER: (Blurting out as he reads): Again! What do they think we're made of, anyway?"

MOTHER: Again what, David?

KEN: What does who think we're made of, Dad?

FATHER: Says here the tax rate on real property in the country has been raised again. I ask you, where's this taxing going to stop? Every place you turn these days there's a new tax on something, or a hike in the old rates. The reduction in income taxes doesn't amount to much.

MOTHER: Costs of government have gone up like everything else, David.

KEN (To NANCY): Here we go again.

NANCY (To KEN): Think of something to change the subject. Quick! Before Dad bursts a blood vessel."

Dad, insufficiently withered by the contempt of his two young Progressives, almost does lose a blood vessel—this time over the UN.

"KEN: Dad, what's sovereignty? I have to work out a simple definition for our social studies class.

FATHER (more excited than ever): Sovereignty! It's power. It's authority. It's having the final say-so. And, by Jove, it's what we're going to lose as a nation if we get too involved in the United Nations.

NANCY (To KEN): Oh, oh. Now he *will* burst a blood vessel!"

A patronizing Ken and Nancy, together with mother, enjoy a little spoofing at the Breadwinner's expense:

"MOTHER: From all I've learned

at the League of Women Voters, David, nobody's sovereignty is threatened by the United Nations. The UN can't make a country do anything it doesn't want to do. It can't interfere with the way our government runs the United States."

FATHER: Who says so? I object to paying taxes through the nose to support the United Nations which is going to ruin our constitution.

MOTHER (laughing): Oh, David!

KEN: Come on, Dad. Our Constitution's perfectly safe. After all, the Senate voted 89 to 2 to ratify the UN Charter. Eighty-nine Senators aren't out to ruin our Constitution. You know that.

FATHER: Well, I suppose you're right . . . but there's still the matter of taxes. Now we have to support the United Nations on top of everything else. I tell you, there has to be an end to it somewhere.

NANCY: There'd be an end to any chance for peace, Dad, if we didn't have the United Nations. It's the one hope of the world.

FATHER: Is that what they teach you in school?

KEN: It's what the President of the United States says, and plenty of other V.I.P.'s"

Dad is still putting up feeble resistance when a doorbell announces the arrival of a poll-taker to administer the *coup de grace*. In a questionnaire, he gives Dad a class in elementary UN—much to

the glee of the two child prodigies, Ken and Nancy:

"POLL-TAKER: Third question.

What is the symbol on the flag of the United Nations?

FATHER: You've got me. I know the flag is blue with some sort of white design in the middle . . . but that's as far as I go.

MOTHER: Two olive branches encircling a map of the world . . . standing for world peace.

KEN: Long may it wave!

NANCY: O'er the home of the free and the globe of the brave."

When the poll is completed, Dad has received a bottom score in UN-intelligence. But he gets a thorough grounding in these facts:

1. That the UN has sprayed Greece thoroughly with DDT.
2. Has determined that half the earth's population is illiterate.
3. Drums of UNICEF powdered milk are carried to Afghanistan, Macedonia, and the mountains of Guatemala and Borneo.

But philanthropy can't convince Dad, money-grubbing old Capitalist that he is!

"FATHER: Only one really important question in the lot. What does it matter if we know about the alphabet soup of the UN? The important thing is cost."

Dad's worries vanish when Ken and Nancy read aloud to him from the booklet that the poll-taker left with them.

"KEN: You just have to run your eye down the third column to see that the UN hasn't cost us

seventy-five cents apiece, any year.

FATHER: For all those agencies and everything?

NANCY: Everything . . . except voluntary contributions."

When this antediluvian fuddy-duddy learns the UN only costs the taxpayer 75 cents a year, he suddenly turns global-minded. As the curtain falls, a brainwashed Dad raves ecstatically:

"FATHER (Figures finally penetrating): Less than seventy-five cents a year for a world peace organization? Say, this is news! This is terrific. Why doesn't somebody broadcast it from the housetops? Why doesn't somebody shout it from the street corners? By Jove . . . The United Nations *is* the best bargain in the world today!"

Not only America's middle class needs conversion to UN-ism but also those poor, benighted little Brown Brothers. In "All the World Around," Haitian friends and relatives try to explain to little Mali (who has yaws) that "the magic needle of the United nations" will cure him.

"DOMINGO: Let me think. Pen . . . pen . . . I said it over and over all the way home, to remember. Penicillin! That is the magic.

MOTHER (Excitedly): In the absence of a cart, Mali, we can carry you. We can carry you to the village—your father, your

uncles, and I. We can take turns . . .

GIRL (Eagerly): Yes, Maman. And I could carry the water jar?

DOMINGO: Yes. Yes. Listen, Mali. They will carry you to the village. They will carry you to the magic needle of the United Nations. But, I tell you this, Mali . . . it is on your own feet you will walk back!" (They half drag Mali out.)

This dramatic scene is brought to a conclusion by a voodoo chant of gratitude to the "experts of UN."

"CHORUS (Singing softly):

Through the know-how and the show-how

Of the experts of UN,

Folks are learning, hope's returning,

Through the know-how of UN.

1ST SOLO VOICE:

To the wheat field, to the corn field

Where the yield is all too low . . .

(FATHER, 2 SONS and PASSERBY from Scene in India enter and join in singing.)

Comes a teacher who can feature
How to make more bushels grow.

2ND SOLO VOICE

To the village, to the hamlet

Where a school's the greatest need . . .

(PEDRO, TERESA, and TEACHER enter and join in singing.)

Comes a teacher who can feature
How to make the people read.

3RD SOLO VOICE:

To a country that is stricken

With disaster or disease . . .

(MALI, MOTHER, DOMINGO,
and GIRL enter and join in sing-
ing)

Comes a doctor, a concocter
Of the latest remedies.

ALL (Joining hands):

Through the know-how and the
show-how

Of the experts of UN,

Folks are learning, hope's re-
turning,

Through the know-how of UN."

Besides playlets and group reci-
tations, the authors have included
classroom projects involving the
UN. In "A Fresco for UNESCO,"
a master of ceremonies directs pu-
pils to draw a picture of the won-
ders of the World Talkathon.
Here, too, we have a chorus de-
signed to stir the kiddies to an
evangelical pitch:

"CHORUS: Unesco, Unesco
is Oh, so picturesque-o,
let's make ourselves a fresco
on how to help Unesco!

GIRL: What's a fresco?

M.C.: It's a big picture. It's really
supposed to be painted on wet
plaster, but colored chalk on a
blackboard ought to do just as
well.

CHORUS: Let's make ourselves
a fresco

on how to help Unesco!

M.C.: Is there anyone who doesn't

know what Unesco is? (Looks
around, points to BOY in audi-
ence) Can *you* tell us in a few
words what Unesco is?

BOY: It's part of the United Na-
tions, and tries to increase un-
derstanding and friendship all
over the world. Everyone can
help.

CHORUS: Let's make ourselves a
fresco
on how to help Unesco!"

The jacket cover of this book
tells us these vignettes exhibit "the
true spirit of the United Nations
with such lively imagination and
skill that audiences as well as ac-
tors will be impressed by the wide
scope and work of the UN and
its many specialized agencies."

At the same time, we learn that
one of the authors, Mrs. Rabe, is
a "former attorney," and that co-
author Aileen Fisher has written
"successfully" in the past on safety
and recreation programs for child-
ren.

Certainly you will want to pay
\$3.50 to possess this rare anthology
inspired by the Glass Menagerie
on the East River. Scholars in years
to come will write theses on the
Cult of the UN as they do now
about the Children's Crusade, the
Black Mass and other hysterical
manifestations known to history.

A brilliant man is one who is shrewd enough to recognize that
you're a genius.

—O. A. BATTISTA

The AMERICAN MERCURY

Is Happy to Announce the May Winners of the
Know Your Country \$500 Prize Quiz Contest

1st Prize: Mr. Jules C. Jaquier, Jersey City, N. J.

2nd Prize: Mrs. Michael F. Timbers, Madison,
Wisconsin

3rd Prize: Miss Olga Butterworth, Wallingford,
Pennsylvania

4th Prize: Mrs. Bessie Hoefel, Princeton, Minne-
sota

The winning answers are:

1. The nine Supreme Court Justices who have lost the confidence of the public in the Supreme Court are: Hugo L. Black, Stanley F. Reed, Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Harold H. Hurton, Tom C. Clark, Sherman Minton, Earl Warren, and John Marshall Harlan.

2. The present Attorney General of the United States is Herbert Brownell, Jr. The previous Attorney General was J. P. McGranery. These officials are handicapped by a pressure group in deporting the five million people illegally in this country.

3. The first President to be inaugurated in Washington, D. C., was Thomas Jefferson.

4. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland.

5. New York is named in honor of the Duke of York, brother of Charles II of England.

6. Chancellor Adenauer has doubtless learned the facts by now, although he cannot have known of the 54-year-old General Trudeau's impending dismissal beforehand or the underhanded way in which it would be done. General Trudeau was Assistant Chief of Staff and Head of the Army's G-2 (Intelligence) and was with MacArthur in the Southwest Pacific in 1942-44. It may be asked here—does it not follow that Allen Dulles, CIA Head, on the strength of his intoxicating success (and service to those who planted him there) may not try to take over Navy Intelligence, the F. B. I., the Secret Service, the Post Office Inspectors, etc? In commenting on Tru-

deau's case, Senator William E. Jenner (in "Re-Examination of Our Foreign Policy Makers," January 19, 1956) said "If this is another General MacArthur case, I hope the Chairman of the Committee on Armed Services will make an investigation as impartial as the investigation made, under his chairmanship, of the dismissal of General MacArthur."

7. The State of Colorado was named after a Spanish word meaning "red."

8. Virginia was named by Sir Walter Raleigh in honor of Queen Elizabeth of England, the Virgin Queen.

9. The famous lines from Leviticus inscribed on our Liberty Bell are: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

10. The seat of the "Continental Congress" during Revolutionary War days was in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

11. Daniel Webster was the famous patriot and statesman who said "God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it."

12. President Truman, by signing the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), unconstitutionally turned over to 35 nations the right to divide our markets and to set our tariffs. The present administration continues this bad practice.

13. The Army, Air Force and Navy have their own intelligence units but they must share their intelligence with the Central Intelligence Agency which is headed by Allen Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles.

This present system makes the CIA a civilian agency supreme over all military intelligence affairs.

14. Paul Revere, commissioned by the Continental Congress, engraved and printed the first United States paper money.

15. Wendell Phillips on November 1, 1859, said "One on God's side is a majority."

16. George Washington said "Influence is not government."

17. Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to Josiah Quincy, dated September 11, 1773, said "There never was a good war, or a bad peace."

18. The first U. S. Government Post Office was opened in New York City on November 28, 1783.

19. The United States opened the mint in Philadelphia in 1792.

20. The first commercial telephone exchange was opened in New Haven, Connecticut in 1878.

21. The salaries of our Congressmen and Senators are paid monthly by check from the Treasury Department, Senators being paid on the third of the month and Congressmen being paid on the last day of the month.

22. To know George Catlett Marshall is to understand the reason for his elevation to key positions within the last decade. The fact that he was, in seniority and ability, a very much lesser man than many others who could have been chosen had little to do with his selection. Marshall's desirability lay in potential usefulness to the Acheson-Hiss-Jessup-Truman combination, then running the show. That the evil judgment of these sinister men was prophetically and disastrously accurate in Marshall's case was borne out again and again. His record, as both soldier and statesman, is more than a personal tragedy—it is the tragedy of a nation betrayed and

bereaved. Marshall's delinquency in failing to alert General Short led to the unnecessary snuffing-out of thousands of young American lives in that inferno-like holocaust. His encouragement of Stilwell, his participation in the lynching of Hurley, who was then Ambassador to China, his discreditable mission to China, his suppression of the Wedemeyer Report (a report accurately forecasting invasion of South Korea by Russian-controlled North Korean Reds, and a recommendation against ending U. S. mili-

tary occupation at that time—1947), his cold acquiescence in the fall of Chiang Kai-shek and the snatching of China by the Communists and—finally—the breaking of Douglas MacArthur were all the acts of a stupid man—or a vicious one.

Bradley, like Marshall, an uninspired, old-line soldier, was amenable to pressure and useful to the behind-the-scenes movers. For that reason he was made prominent out of all proportion to his true stature.

—JULES C. JAQUIER

FARM FACTS

In 1955, with over \$11 billion of farm surplus in government storage, the United States imported more farm products than we exported.

Farmers turned their entire corn crop over to the government under high price support loans; then they bought the corn they needed in the open market for 60¢ less per bushel than the government paid them for their own corn.

The government in 1954 bought ninety million pounds of cheese from big cheese distributors and then, a few days later, without ever taking possession of it, sold the same cheese back to the same distributors for 15 percent less than the government paid for it.

Forty percent of our farm produce and 88 percent of our products are under federal price supports. Since this is the case, 60 percent of our farmers only get 12 percent of the federal money give-away.

With foreign-aid money and technical assistance we help Egypt, Brazil, India and Mexico to capture the world's cotton markets which we formerly dominated. Meanwhile the Marxists in our government price cotton too high with the result that we lose markets and have 10,000,000 bales of cotton in expensive storage.

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Beware of Power!

By Frank Chodorov
Editor of *The Freeman*

FROM time to time, readers urge upon me the espousal of some program they are pleased to call "constructive." Some say that reform of our monetary system is the one essential for a healthy economic, and therefore social, order; single-taxers are convinced that all things evil will vanish with the shifting of taxation from production to privilege; for the pacifists, the cure-all is the abolition of war. I have been urged to take up the cudgels for decentralization, while those who see in "world government" the hope for human happiness have tried to press me into their service.

Every one of the proposed reforms has something to commend it, but the fact remains that the reform invariably rests its case on the goodwill, intelligence and selflessness of men who, invested with the power to do so, will put the reform into operation. And the lesson of history is that power is never so used.

I am convinced, on the other hand, that all of the evils of which these honest people complain can be traced to the misuse of power, and I am therefore inclined to distrust political power of any kind. The only "constructive" idea that I can advance is that the individual put his trust in himself, not in power; that he seek to better his understanding and lift his values to a higher and still higher level; that he assume responsibility for his behavior and not shift his responsibility to committees, organizations and, above all, a super-personal State.